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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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## Au Courant.

THE autobiographic memoirs of the late Charles Gounod make a charming addition to our fast-growing stores of musical literature. They are especially interesting as forming a sort of key to a somewhat curious personality. An enthusiastic admirer once described Gounod as "the musician of love." That he was a man of sentiment, or rather of sentimentality, is abundantly apparent from his autobiographical sketch, which covers the period of his childhood, his sojourns in Italy and Germany, and his return to and residence in France. A glance through the volume brings into striking relief the composer's stray love for his mother, his worship of hard work, and his curiously candid egotism. His object in putting upon paper the important events of his artistic life is avowedly to help others by the light of his experience; and in speaking of himself he makes claim to "absolute impartiality." Even though he does not always achieve this, he may at least be credited with sincerity. His comments on the compositions of Mozart and Mendelssohn are of great interest; and his meeting and subsequent friendship with the latter composer are touched upon with engaging freedom and delicacy. The "Memoirs" can hardly fail to prove an inspiration to the artist, and be a delight to all lovers of pure and vital literature. For, as a literary genius, Gounod has shown himself equal to rank almost beside Berlioz.

BRAHMS, according to a contemporary, is a very bashful man. He has never had courage enough to take a wife, although it is said that not a few wealthy Vienna ladies had tried hard to capture him. In society he is very unceremonious. There is a story that once at a soirée he took leave of the guests with the remark: "I beg pardon if, perchance, I have offended nobody to-day." He is awkward on the platform, and dislikes being recalled after playing or conducting. He is fond of children, and on his walks often stops to talk to them or give them a present. All this, of course, is not much more interesting than the way in which the people in Grosvenor Square eat their dinners. But something more may be made of Brahms' musical views and leanings. The composer's favourite opera, it appears, is *Carmen*. Hanslick says in his recent memoirs that Brahms knows Wagner's scores thoroughly, but that he has probably heard the operas only once. The fact is, he dislikes opera on principle; and Hanslick declares that Brahms, when he goes with him to the opera, generally leaves after the first act, no matter what is being sung. Has this insensibility to dramatic music anything to

do with the somewhat dry, unemotional, cold atmosphere of Brahms' music?

At last we have a definite announcement regarding the long-talked-of home for musicians which Verdi was said to be founding. It seems that the Maestro has now deposited in the bank at Milan the sum of £16,000 towards the first cost of the Verdi "House of Repose," which is meant to shelter not only aged and destitute musicians, but operatic librettists as well. Furthermore, the veteran composer has promised three times the amount just named for the completion and endowment of the institution, to which, after the death of Madame Verdi, should she survive him, a large portion of the residue of his estate will be devoted. Those who look into the biography of Verdi will find a strange contrast between the beginning of his life and this successful close. Composer never came of more humble parentage than Verdi; and it is significant of his position that his father's ambition was realized when the boy became organist of the village church at the handsome salary of £1 12s. per annum! Verdi, too, conducted his musical studies at Milan on a loan of 300 francs granted to him by some institution with the benevolent object of assisting poor students. In the composer's case music has indeed proved itself to have charms—very solid charms.

AN English student who is pursuing his education in Berlin asks us to discuss the question whether the Germans are musical. The mere idea of suggesting that there may be two answers to such a question is enough to stagger the conservative mind of the foreign-worshipping Englishman. But our musical student gives reasons for the doubting faith that is in him. He is, in particular, disgusted with the church music of the Fatherland. "The singing of the people in their churches," he declares, "is wretched, almost beyond description. Never till I came to Germany did I imagine that any singing could be so poor. They sing, or rather hum, their music at about one-fourth the speed of English congregations, and so distort the best-known tunes as to make them almost unrecognisable. The organ is generally well on to the succeeding chord long before the people think of leaving the preceding harmony, thereby producing the most fearful discords, and to me it is a positive torture." The writer then goes on to say that he has heard a picked choir sing in the "Philharmonic" at Berlin, and "really thought that such a

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performance would be a disgrace to any Yorkshire chorus." And he winds up by asking, If such is the state of matters in the German capital, what must it be elsewhere? What, indeed? There is, however, nothing new in the contention that our church and vocal music generally is superior to that of Germany. But what about other branches of the art?

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BISMARCK has been giving his views of music. He does not care for "music that is paid for," but there is nothing he likes better than music at home. Once he could play himself, and he is sorry that he did not keep up the accomplishment, for "music is a faithful companion in this life." But what interests him particularly in music is its power on the masses; and he thinks that German song was one of the greatest agents in bringing about German unity. "Our alliance with Austria would not be so intimate if Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven had not lived there, thus creating a true artistic bond between us." Speaking of Wagner, Bismarck remarks that in earlier days the Germans were too modest, even when they had done something good. Wagner, when he was introduced to him by Varnbüler, gave him a proof that in this respect a refreshing change had taken place; in other words, that Wagner showed himself to be full of self-conceit.

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*Apropos* of the death of Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Kuhe, in his recently-published "Musical Recollections," relates some curious instances of the impresario's superstitious antipathy to peacock's feathers. On one occasion a damsel desirous of figuring in the ballet, entered the sanctum of the manager with the view to an engagement in his "annual." Alas! she had decked her hat with the dreaded plumes. With natural indignation, "Druriolanus" upbraided the thoughtless ballerina for appearing before him thus arrayed. Why, the luck of the house was imperilled! The security of the Christmas audiences was at stake! So the poor applicant had to leave without having arranged anything. But she came again—this time minus the feathers—and the great man engaged her at once. She had given him her word that the obnoxious hat had been relegated to limbo. Some years ago an unthinking scenic artist introduced the obnoxious feathers on a drop-curtain he had painted for the "Lane." On the curtain which was promptly made to take the place of this work of art, the painter might have depicted in glowing colours the consternation of his chief on making the horrible discovery.

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MADAME NORDICA has married again, after having lived for nearly ten years in a kind of undetermined widowhood. Her first husband was Mr. Frederick A. Gower, a wealthy Boston electrician; and she was trying to get a divorce from him when one day he went up in a balloon and was never heard of more. That was in 1887, since which date Mr. Gower has not been discovered, alive or dead. Meanwhile, Madame Nordica met with a certain musical officer in the Austrian cavalry, to wit Herr Zoltau F. Döwe, and with him she has now celebrated an extremely quiet wedding at Indianapolis. Nordica, though born in the State of Maine, was reared and educated in Boston, whither her parents removed when she was quite young.

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It gives one an idea of the extent of Borovno, the estate of the brothers De Reszké in Poland, to learn that it embraces 16,000 acres. It is a magnificent domain, with a palace dating

back to the time of Louis X. A recent American visitor found evidences of business thrift in the great singers in the vast fields of growing potatoes which are raised to be made into Russian brandy. The De Reszkés are popular with their neighbours, not only because of their generous use of their wealth, but also because of their interest in manly sports, from cross-country riding to horse-racing. When engaged at the opera, these artists have special dressers, who always travel with them. These attendants arrive at the theatre early in the afternoon, and arrange the costumes required for the occasion. The make-up of Jean de Reszké is a triumph in itself. When one is standing beside him in his room, it is next to impossible to detect the presence of the pigments, so artistically and with such rare delicacy are they applied. Both the brothers pay the minutest attention to details of stage costume, make-up, and action.

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OUR American cousins have the reputation of being of an inventive turn of mind. From an exchange I learn that one of their latest things is a musical dinner service. The soup plates as they are put on the table play a march—by Suppé, no doubt. The meat plates are handed round to the strains of miscellaneous melodies: anything by Cooke would be exceedingly suitable. The sweets and dessert plates dispense light operatic airs: in this case, how would Mozart's "Sweet peace descending" do? At any rate, who shall say now that the Americans are not a musical people?

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LATELY we have been hearing quite a lot about Theodore Leschetizky, the teacher of Paderewski, and many more now celebrated *virtuosi*. Leschetizky was a pupil of Czerny, from whom he developed his own system of musical training for the piano. He first appeared in public at the age of ten, and achieved considerable fame as a pianist in Russia and Poland. The strain of public playing proved, however, too great for his nervous temperament, and so he gave himself up entirely to teaching. He was a professor in the St. Petersburg Conservatoire for many years; but for the last twenty years he has taught in Vienna. He does not now give more than two or occasionally three lessons a day, owing to frequent ill-health; and he never takes any one who is not thoroughly prepared for him by one of his "coaches," to whom every new pupil must go for weeks or months according to his or her capacity.

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MR. ALBERT LAVIGNAC, Professor of Harmony in the Conservatoire of Paris, has discovered what he calls a new law of sound, which cannot fail to have an important influence on the acoustics of large halls and houses. It is that solids, such as the walls of a closed building, transmit grave sounds more forcibly than shrill ones, whereas the air in the building transmits shrill sounds more forcibly than grave ones. The consequence is a distortion of music when heard in different parts of the building. The Professor was led to the discovery by noticing the change in a piece of music played on a piano situated on the first floor of his house, when it was heard on the third floor, all the windows and outer doors being closed and the inner doors leading from the first to the third floors open. Perhaps the discovery will explain why certain concert rooms and saloons are acoustically good for voices and not for instruments. If it be that the harmonics of the voice or instrument are of such a nature as to be differently transmitted by the walls and the air





of the chamber, the tones of the voice or instrument will be altered in the process, and the true *timbre* of the sounds lost.

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TALES are being told of Madame Nordica's pride in the diamond tiara given her recently by her New York admirers. One relates that at a ball given in honour of the singers at a musical festival, Madame Nordica, in full diamond regalia, sat in her dressing room closely guarded by two maids and a combination lock. One of the other singers happened to look in for a moment, and Nordica, as she passed her hand lovingly over the seventeen diamonds in the front row, exclaimed: "I hope this concert will finish early. You know they are giving us a ball to-night." "Indeed," remarked the other songstress; "why, I understood that this ball was given for all the artists, and not merely for you and the tiara."

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It seems that Rubinstein has left a voluminous work, containing not only his opinions on musical subjects, but also reminiscences of the more important events in his life. It consists of aphorisms and brief accounts of his experiences. The following extract, under the head of Religion, will give some idea of its character: "There are two kinds of priests—honest and dishonest. The honest ones deceive themselves; the dishonest deceive their fellow-men." The last sentence of the book runs thus: "So long as I felt that I was better disposed on the platform than at home, I played in public. But as

soon as I felt that the contrary was the case, I ceased to do so." The eminent pianist entitled his book "A Basket of Thoughts," and commissioned Herr Wolff, the Berlin concert manager, to publish it, omitting everything referring to persons still living or calculated to hurt the feelings of their descendants. This will probably be a somewhat difficult task, and we need not be surprised if the publication of Rubinstein's "Basket" is delayed.

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Some good Americans are wroth because foreign artists take so much money out of the country. The New York *Sun* has been at the pains to collect some statistics on the matter.

They are as follows:—

Paderewski . . . . .	\$280,000
The De Reszkés . . . . .	200,000
Maurel, Calvé, Melba . . . . .	325,000
Scalchi . . . . .	18,000
Plançon . . . . .	30,000
Sarah Bernhardt . . . . .	120,000
Henry Irving . . . . .	70,000
Ellen Terry . . . . .	60,000
Shop Girl and Artist's Model . . . . .	200,000
Chevalier (three months) . . . . .	18,000
Yvette Guilbert . . . . .	24,000

The remedy is, of course, simple enough: America must get singers, pianists, and actors of her own equal to those in the above list: or she might try a tax on the earnings of immigrant artists.

## —\*— "Elijah" at the Palace. —\*—

July 1, 1896.

DEAREST JESSIE,—

I was much interested by your description of the *Elijah* performance at Cape Town; but what would your colonials have said to the "Jubilee" Festival at the Crystal Palace last Saturday! Fancy 3,000 performers on that huge orchestra! I had with me my young friend from the Midlands, who had never heard the *Elijah* as a whole, nor ever been inside the Palace. We had good seats in the north gallery, and, with my long knowledge of the Palace, I thought I should have no difficulty in finding them. But what with the barriers interposing in my ordinary route—with places, generally open, mysteriously closed; and places, generally closed, mysteriously open; and all official persons congested around these points, and vague in their replies to anxious inquirers—we soon began meandering wearily. However, we emerged at last upon a staircase, and fell into the stream. Our seats were *near* the corner—where Majesty once sat, before the royal boxes were erected. On this occasion they were taken down, and a bank of desirable seats put up instead.

The *coupe-d'œil* was spoiled by a long row of tents down the nave—Burmese village, etc.—but the crowd was, after all, the attraction. 23,000 listeners, 3,000 singers and players—the 'cellos alone were sixty-three in number, sixty-three double basses, while the fiddles seemed innumerable!

Sound is curiously variable in the Palace—the general hum and the sudden silence were equally striking; the tuning of the instruments, a sea of sound, in which only the organ was articulate; the applause which greeted the soloists and Mr.

Manns, as they took their places, resounded well; but when the overture began, preceded by Elijah's short recitative, it seemed faint and far away. The outburst of "Help, Lord!" in the first chorus, however, was grand, and the wonderful story soon got hold of us.

The soloists were Mesdames Albani and Clara Samuelli, Miss Clara Butt, and Miss Jessie King; Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Kearton, Santley and Brereton. Clara Butt's voice carried furthest; but, alas! she has adopted the tremolo, and her charm was gone for me! Jezebel's music was so convulsed with passion (that is, tremolo) that it was comparatively ineffective, notwithstanding the dramatic gestures of that magnificent personality (Clara, I mean, not Jezebel). Santley kept himself well in hand, husbanding his force for "Is not His word like a fire?" in which he was superb, and received quite an ovation, especially from the baritones. But of course these massive performances are not favourable to the enjoyment of the solos, lovely as they are: the dramatic force of the multitude is grandly reproduced by the chorus. True, the angelic trio and quartett rose on the air, with exquisite sweetness and purity, and Madam Clara Samuelli delighted me with her clear delicious tones. When the first part ended, with its "Thanks be to God—He laveth the thirsty land!" the 3,000 dispersed for refreshment. A few remained on the great orchestra, but half an hour had elapsed before they were again marshalled, and we could not remain after, "He watching over Israel." Sorry enough were we to leave, passing through crowds who could see nothing, nor hear a single solo, but, seated on stairs and camp-stools, enjoyed the ringing choruses.

Yours ever, MARIAN.

## ✻ The Impressionist. ✻

RECENTLY came across a curious passage in that wonderful work of Victor Hugo, "Les Misérables." Whether the fault of a translator or a slip on the part of the author I do not know; but in the last pages of the work descriptive of the wedding of two of the principal characters it reads, "In the ante-chamber *three violins and a flute* played some of Haydn's quartettes in softened strains." A curious combination surely, and I have looked in vain for any quartettes written for such combination in the list of Haydn's works given in Grove. It seems to have been no unusual thing in those times to substitute a flute for a violin if occasion demanded (the former instrument was then *apparently* a transposing instrument), but that is an altogether different thing too, and not in any way equalling the curious effects that a combination of three violins with one flute would give. It is just possible, perhaps, that three stringed instruments may have been Hugo's original description, and a loose translation responsible for the curious combination given.

It is, of course, no infrequent thing to find all sorts of comical errors, even in works of the highest literary pretensions, when "music" is touched upon. Charles Reade, for instance, in his brilliant and fascinating work, "Peg Woffington," has a passage that reads very comically. The paragraph is descriptive of where the famous actress mimics Colley Cibber, the dramatist. . . . "To make this more striking she pulled out of her pocket, after a mock search, a huge paste ring, gazed on it with a ludicrous affectation of simple wonder, stuck it, like Cibber's diamond, on her little finger, and, pursing up her mouth, proceeded to whistle a *quick* movement, 'which by some devilish cantrip sleight' played round the old beau's slow movement, without being at variance with it. . . . Mr. Cibber was confounded. He appeared to have no idea whence came this *sparkling adagio*."

A not less curious case is where W. H. Maxwell makes one of his heroes a soprano. Male soprani were, of course, frequent enough *once*, but I much doubt if they can be said to have been sufficiently common to justify a casual introduction into a work of fiction without an explanation.

*Apropos* of this subject, I was recently looking through that somewhat sensationally written little work, "Personal Recollections of Chats with Liszt," by Anton Strelezki, a work written by a musician for the musical public and dealing entirely with great musicians, and yet one finds a passage such as the following in it. Liszt was in Constantinople, and had not touched a piano for seven weeks. Liszt says, "Having lost my way, and thinking the wisest thing I could do would be to inquire of these people (he had seen a piano through the window) where I was, and the best way to get back safely to my hotel, I rang the bell." With some little diplomacy he manages to insinuate his way to the instrument, when he continues, "Well, I sat down, and I played a long arpeggio up the keyboard, and I fairly screamed with agony. No two octaves were alike; the C on one *would harmonize the octave* with an E<sub>2</sub> on the next, and so on.

Putting aside the peculiar use of the word "harmonize," is one to understand that the note C had dropped in pitch to

E<sub>2</sub>, that is, a major sixth? I doubt it, even after the instrument going for twenty-eight years without a piano-tuner. If not, what does it mean? I confess I can make nothing of it.

One story in the book interested me, and which I will quote while I am on the subject. Carl Heymann, the pianist, who afterwards became insane, and, I believe, is still living in Germany, ventured to ask Liszt how long he had been in the habit of practising in his youth. "My dear Carl," replied Liszt, "I have never kept count of the hours I practised, but I am sure that for *many years* it was never less than TEN HOURS A DAY." Whether this reply may be regarded as encouraging or the reverse must, I take it, depend more or less upon the individual. I remember once being asked by a piano student how long he ought to practise to acquire the technique demanded from the modern pianist, and he seemed slightly "flabbergasted" when I said that after thinking the matter over I had come to the conclusion that as Liszt, Tausig, Rubinstein, etc., had been obliged to do their ten or more hours per day, we of lesser calibre and talent must be content (we could scarce manage a longer time) with fourteen hours. He seemed considerably sadder if not wiser.

Truth to tell, the proficiency in piano-playing has now been carried to such a pitch that an absurd amount of time is necessarily devoted to the instrument if one wishes to become anything the least degree above mediocrity. The remark is sometimes made that technique has been carried to the utmost possible degree of perfection, but such at least is not my opinion; *only* when the absolutely necessary in technical studies and the like shall be separated from the unnecessary or doubtful shall we reach that stage.

It is interesting and instructive to notice the modern tendency in such things in the meanwhile, and that is the setting forth of a special technical difficulty in as highly condensed a form as possible, mostly in the passage form (with variations caused by major, minor, etc.), and extending over the length of the keyboard. This is in contradistinction to the Czerny school, which usually turned such passage into a study extending over four or five pages, thereby losing much of its strength through discursiveness and rambling, rather than increasing it by concentration. Another advantage of the newer method is the mental exercise gained through the transposing of each passage, and the application of a fresh fingering caused by the different relative positions of the black and white notes.

Liszt, Tausig, Anton Rubinstein, Brahms, Rosenthal, etc., have each and all left collections of value of the newer method, but in many other writers, such as Clementi, Cramer, Bertrini, etc., etc., there are to be found passages of great technical value, and which, selected and taken apart from their context, would be of great benefit to many students who have neither the time nor courage (mental) to wade through a long and often vapid study.

Here is a passage from a contemporary that deserves attention from colourless amateurs, who neglect to use their brains



"What do you regard as the most important feature of expression training? Individuality! *No two minds can see alike unless they are idiots.*" How many, I wonder, will exclaim, Why, what a lot of idiots play the piano!!? Nevertheless, there is a certain amount of truth in the quotation, though I greatly doubt if the second assertion could be satisfactorily proved.

There has been only one piano recital that interested me sufficiently to cause me to record it here this month, and that was one given at the Queen's Hall (small saal) by a pianist of presumably German nationality, but whose playing is more suggestive of France (Paris) than of the generally sober dullness of the pianistic acrobat or acrobatic pianist of the Vaterland. The reek of Bier and Kraut was less than usual, and the programme was interesting as a change from the usual tit-bit, or paste and scissors description. Only four composers had a place in it: Bach (represented by a transcription of the organ fugue in A minor), St. Saën's "Alceste" Caprice, half a dozen pieces by Chopin, and three pieces by Liszt as a final *bonne bouche*.

Of the Chopin numbers, The Barcarolle, Berceuse, and much-played F sharp Impromptu left me listless. "I cared for none of these things." The beautiful Study in A♭, op. 25, No. 1, which followed, was played with great expression, charm, and variety, almost as well as I have heard it done by any pianist, while the lovely little valse in C sharp minor which followed in turn was a lesson to almost every pianist who plays this much-abused little gem. The phrasing and treatment of the *piu mosso* was varied with consummate taste at each reappearance, which is about eight times in all. After this performance, the most perfect of the evening, the interpretation of the D♭ prelude and that once inevitable battle-horse, the Scherzo in B♭ minor, could not be called remarkable, the *tempo* of the prelude being dragged in a most unusual and irritating manner, and the Scherzo, though suffering in a less degree from the same cause, was not sufficiently distinctive to call for comment.

The three Liszt numbers were the concert *Étude* in D♭, the very interesting but rarely heard Love Poem, No. 2, the third of which set is such a favourite, and the Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 11, one of the least played, but not least beautiful of all the Rhapsodies. The performance of the *Étude* I have often heard surpassed, as it is, generally speaking, a great favourite with pianists who can master its technical trickeries. The Liebestraum may be described as almost perfect, although it gives no scope for display of technical feats; while the performance of the first part of the 11th Rhapsody, the first few pages of which bristle with rhythmical complications and fixture of the most intricate description, was given with a plastic sense of rhythm and freedom from stiffness that was most unusual; not only did the pianist infuse life into the already existing forest of tremolandos and fancy passages of all descriptions, but, going further, attempted one or two alterations by adding to previous existing complications, and that with increased effect, though one cannot defend such a course. The final *presto* or *Friska* was taken at too quick a *tempo* to obtain its

full effect, often sounding scrambled, in spite of unfailing accuracy.

On the whole, I think Mons. Niederhofheim is a pianist who will repay any interest taken in his career. His technique is of that clear, penetrating (not less so for a certain slight hardness) kind that will always make its effect on a general audience, and although he showed somewhat late in the programme under notice, when he did show he gave evidence of certain gifts of temperament that will probably stand him in good stead when he has had more general experience.

I have lately been renewing friendship with a young Scotch pianist who will probably play in our concert halls about next spring. He is a pupil of that fine and serious artist, Frederick Lamond, of whom I hope to be able to procure a portrait for the readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. He is the latter's only pupil, in itself no slight recommendation, and I was much amused at his account of a visit to Beethoven's grave at Bonn at 3 a.m. No custodian being discoverable at that unearthly hour, and the train timed for departure somewhere about 5 o'clock a.m., our poor musical enthusiast was forced to disregard the terrors of the continental "bobby," and scale the churchyard walls. The picture of the poor youth trying to find an outlet for his enthusiasm by scaling graveyard walls at 3 a.m., to the probable dismay of any stray local cats, is quite too beautiful for anything. Schumann discovered a rusty pen-nib when he visited Beethoven's grave, and is supposed to have written some of his finest compositions with it, but such is the cussedness of human nature that one does not expect to find such treasures as rusty pen-nibs at 3 a.m. Oh no! They are only discovered when one is in close proximity with a gratuity expecting attendant.

I doubt if anything approaching the sudden collapse of the past season has been experienced in London for many a long year; your poor devil of a critic, from trying to crush in the fag ends of three or four concerts per day, finds himself confronted with less than that number per week, and one, perforce, regrets that the total number of concerts given could not be spread over the whole year, so as to afford some little relief betwixt and between.

Probably the sensation—and it remains to be seen how lasting the impression it leaves will be—of the purely concert season has been the reappearance of D'Albert, and in a hardly less degree the success of Mark Hambourg. The former, of course, had the advantage (from an advertising point of view, at least) of having the fag end of a controversy connected with his name, and of course it scarcely matters much, from the point of view of a *fin de siècle* morality, whether a controversy is abusive or the reverse. The main thing seems to be "to be talked about," and to manage by hook or crook to keep one's name before the public. If this cannot be done fairly on absolute merit, abuse somebody or something, and be abused publicly in return; create a scandal, or do something that arouses a morbid curiosity amongst the B.P., and—your name is made. This may be loose morality, you say. True, but you will admit it is good business. It is advertisement without having to pay for it.



## A Critic of the Eisteddfod.

**M**R. FREDERIC GRIFFITH, "solo-flautist, Royal Opera House, London," is a bold man, for that he, being himself a son of the Principality, has dared to say that the Eisteddfod is not a perfect institution—nay, that it even stands in the way of the proper development of the musical art. Mr. Griffith has just published a book dealing with the notable Welsh musicians of to-day (London: Francis Goodwen), and it is here, in a "Preface on the condition of Music in Wales at the Present Time," that he runs tilt against the great choral contests which his countrymen regard as the acme of art. Of course he does not make this assertion at the outset, right away. He begins by giving Wales a pat on the back. Wales, he remarks, has the reputation of being a musical country, and in many ways she deserves the appellation. But—and there is no saving virtue in this "but"—it is a singular fact that whilst no country has shown more natural aptitude for music, there is none which has made so small an impression upon the history of art. That is the emphatic declaration of Mr. Frederic Griffith, A.R.A.M.

Well, Mr. Griffith goes on to explain his "strange statement." Wales suffers from the very prodigality of her gifts. Music seems to come to her children as instinctively as speech. Singing is the natural inheritance of the Welshman; it is his amusement, his consolation at all times. There is no village, however small, but has its choir or its male-voice party; there is no gathering, whether of pleasure or sorrow, where singing, and mostly of a rare quality, is not heard. Then why is it, asks Mr. Griffith, that, with this abundance of good material, so little is accomplished? It is "because Wales has hitherto been so satisfied with her natural gifts that she has given no serious thought to the ways and means of their development. In the most active musical centres in the Principality, the great classical masterpieces are practically unknown; in fact, classical music is seldom performed at all; the art, as art, is almost totally unstudied." We said at the outset that Mr. Griffith was a bold man; the reader may now make the assertion for himself.

Mr. Griffith goes on to show how very few first-rate choral performances there are in Wales. He believes that the reason for this lies first in the fact that the orchestra is generally incapable of doing its work even moderately well; and second, that conductors are satisfied with totally inadequate rehearsals of the combined forces. If there be an overture to the work it is run through in a slipshod fashion; then, to settle the *tempi*, the first few bars of each number are played. This is all, and so the rehearsal of a big work is concluded in the course of half an hour or so. The orchestra is evidently regarded as a necessary evil by the Welsh conductors, according to all that Mr. Griffith tells us. And no doubt this comes, in some measure, from the low value which, as he deplures, is put upon instrumental music by the Welsh people generally. Instrumental music is, after all, the basis of true musical art; but appeals for its encouragement in Wales have so often been made without any practical result, that it seems almost hopeless to bring it once more before the notice of those who should be interested, but are not. Talent, as our author re-

marks, is continually budding forth, and it behoves every Welshman who has the musical reputation of his country at heart to encourage every twig and bud which would thus forward the growth of an endless variety of beautiful flowers, instead of cultivating only one particular blossom. "If we excel in choral singing, why should we not take our place with other nations and play our part on the highest plane of the Divine art? Are we to remain for ever a nation of singers and singers only?" Mr. Griffith answers with an emphatic No. But in order that an advance may be made, there must be due encouragement given to instrumentalists wherever they are to be found. Let Wales afford them the means of cultivating their talent; or at least give them an equal share of the generosity and substantial support which is continually being showered upon young vocalists.

But the Eisteddfod—what of it? Well, to come to the point at once, the Eisteddfod is mainly to blame for the "painfully stagnant" state in which the Principality remains so far as regards the highest realms of art. The danger resulting from prize-giving ends very often in complete satisfaction to the winner, instead of being an encouragement for the hard work which must go to the making of a true musician. The winning of a prize at the Eisteddfod is looked upon by many young singers as a certificate which entitles them to consider themselves full-blown professionals, ready to take their places in the circle of artists who have earned that distinction by years of hard industry. And so the country is overrun with hordes of people who call themselves musicians and are but mere singers. Moreover, even from a choral point of view, these great national contests excite a spirit of rivalry which is wholly against the development of art in its best forms. Towns and districts are matched against each other, and the whole of the time which is given to music is employed in the working-up of two or three test compositions. A piece of evidence which bears on these arguments lies in the fact that when the chorus for the Cardiff Festival was being selected, it was confidently expected that Wales had a grand chance of matching its choral calibre against the other Festival choirs; but unfortunately it was found impossible to draw upon the rich resources of the country. There was so little general knowledge of music shown that the strain entailed in the teaching of eight or nine unfamiliar works would have been unbearable. It was, in fact, absolutely impossible to accept as members men and women who would have to be entirely taught by ear. The result is that the majority of even the large and best known choirs cannot attempt the great modern works. The Eisteddfod test-pieces are, of course, mastered thoroughly with months of training, but how is it possible to prosper while such a condition of affairs prevails?

Then look at the scant attention paid to orchestral playing and to composition at the Eisteddfod. The prizes are not worth trying for. Even the few instrumentalists that Wales can boast of are treated with utter indifference by the various committees, with whom art is not so much a matter of concern as a big surplus. At a National Eisteddfod held a very few years back, not a single solo-instrumentalist was engaged; at Llanelly one harpist only was engaged. On the other hand,



solo-singers were paid huge sums for their services. Mr. Griffith is naturally indignant. "Is this," he asks, "is this encouraging instrumental music in Wales?" But how can one expect an improvement so long as the committee which arranges these matters is made up for the most part of men who know next to nothing about music? The Eisteddfod would be nowhere without its music, and it is therefore perfectly clear that a musical committee—that is, a committee composed of musicians—should have a big voice in its management. In

any case, the Eisteddfod must change its course of action. As Mr. Griffith says, it must fulfil its obligations to the art which keeps it on its feet. It must carry out its duty of fostering that art, and of nursing the talent which is undoubtedly a characteristic of the Celtic race, but which lies so often dormant because no attempt is ever made to encourage anything but *singing*. There is no reason why Wales should not produce great instrumentalists as well as great vocalists. She might even produce composers. Why not?

## Our Round Table.

### SHOULD THE MUSIC OF THE CHURCH BE CONGREGATIONAL?

THE DEAN OF SALISBURY (VERY REV. G. D. BOYLE), REV. F. J. HELMORE (PRECENTOR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL),  
REV. W. MANN (PRECENTOR OF BRISTOL CATHEDRAL), REV. CANON BUCKLE (PRECENTOR OF WELLS  
CATHEDRAL), AND REV. CANON CARPENTER (MINOR CANON OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL).

Dean Boyle  
answers in the  
Affirmative.

This is an important question in which I have always been deeply interested. I think the tendency towards the introduction of anthems and Services in parochial churches is much to be regretted. Of course I enjoy the beautiful services of our cathedral, and am glad to feel that many others do the same; but in ordinary parochial churches the music *should*, in my opinion, be of a congregational character. Anthems and elaborate settings of the Canticles may be reserved for special occasions; but the people have a right to their part in Divine worship, and that part should not be too much curtailed.

With regard to the singing of hymns, every organist knows how heartily certain tunes are taken up by the congregation; and although those tunes may not possess the highest musical qualities, they have their value, which must not be too lightly estimated.

For the Psalms, I am in favour of Anglican music, but consider single chants preferable to double chants, inasmuch as they are more congregational.

The Precentor  
of Canterbury is  
in favour of the  
occasional per-  
formance of  
Anthems, etc.

I have no particularly original views upon the question you put to me. In ordinary parish churches the music should be, I think, as a rule of a congregational type. But if there is a good choir, opportunity should be given them occasionally for the performance of anthems, etc., which tend to keep up interest in the duties of their office, and to musical improvement.

As a cathedral precentor I naturally uphold the present system of cathedral service.

The Precentor  
of Bristol advo-  
cates two types  
of Church  
Music.

I do not think that the music at the *statutory* services of a cathedral should be of the congregational type. People who attend our cathedral services can worship silently, and there is an uplifting power in beautiful music of a high order. By this I mean that we can praise God without actually singing ourselves, for we can praise with the heart and the understanding, though our own voices be silent.

On the other hand, I feel very strongly that the music in our parish churches should be of such a kind as the congregation can heartily join in. I would welcome more of our old German chorales sung in unison by vast congregations, with fine organ accompaniment, and, when possible, with orchestral instruments to supplement the organ. The Canticles and Psalms should be sung by all who can sing. High reciting notes and difficult chants should be avoided.

You will see, therefore, that—in a word—I advocate two types of church music. The beautiful and elaborate to be retained in cathedrals, where it can be really well done—and, perhaps, in some of our churches too, when other churches are not far distant; but the congregational type for our parish churches, and especially in country places.

I know the difficulty of keeping a voluntary choir together without an occasional anthem, but let this be discouraged unless it can be done well enough to give pleasure and profit to the hearers, and, if it must be, let the congregation *sit* while the choir are singing it.

I do not object to the singing of the versicles, responses, or Litany to a simple and solemn setting within the powers of the people; but I *do* object to the *monotony* of these and the prayers generally. Let God be addressed in our natural speaking tones when we cannot sing to Him.

\* \* \* \*

Canon Buckle  
holds a similar  
Opinion.

I think the music of the ordinary parish church should be congregational. The people ought not to be deprived of the power of joining in the worship in the church, which is specially intended for their use. I say the "ordinary" parish church, because in a large town, where people have a choice of churches, it is desirable that there should be places where a higher type of music is employed for those who can appreciate it.

Cathedrals stand on a distinct footing of their own. Their music is necessarily for the most part not congregational. But one need not go there except he like. And even with these I think it is good that there should be some scope—in hymns, for instance,—for congregational music—perhaps also in special services.

\* \* \* \*

Canon Car-  
penter con-  
siders the Choir  
as the Leader  
of the  
Congregation.

I have always felt, and increasingly, that church music should be congregational. And the best choirs will be the best leaders. I am not one of those who think any one can sing, or play, hymns and chants well. The best musicians obviously give the most intelligent, and therefore the most helpful, rendering of what is simplest. It is for this reason, among others, that I recognise the value of anthems, where they are not too long. They will improve the skill of the choir, and make them all the more fit for their main work (as I consider) of leading the congregation. The anthem will be all the more enjoyed, too, I think, by those who have been taking an active and intelligent share in the rest of the service.

(To be continued.)

## Letters from a Cathedral Chorister.

### VII.

**M**Y DEAR GUY,—  
Your last letter made me feel almost conceited. Some of the fellows here say I am getting uppish, and I warn you to be more sparing with your compliments, unless you want to make a prig of me.

WELLMINSTER.

I heard from Aunt Barbara a few days after I wrote to you. She seemed jolly pleased about my singing, and enclosed a trifle for current expenses, as the pater says.

Talking about expenses, I must tell you I had to stand treat—tarts and gingerbeer—pretty considerably on the strength of my first solo. We have not got a tuck-shop of our own—there are no such things as shops in the Close, of course—but there is a stunning pastrycook in High Street, not far from the school, and I gave quite a big party there on the day following “the event.”

I had a letter from Nell yesterday—the first she has honoured me with since I have been here. She says: “To think you have got a voice after all! I can scarcely believe it!” Such cheek! Why, Mr. Littler declares that I’m a born singer, and makes no end of a fuss with me. He actually took me into his house the other day, and I believe he was going to begin again about those lessons, only the bishop came in just at the nick of time.

I had never spoken to the bishop before; and when, after shaking hands with Mr. Littler, who seemed quite overcome, he turned to me and said, “Well, my lad, I suppose you know your bishop?”—all I could blurt out was, “Yes, sir.”

“My lord,” whispered Mr. Littler.

“I beg pardon. Yes, my lord,” I said.

“You are our new star, I believe?” remarked the bishop.

“That’s my name,” I answered, and laughed.

I suppose I ought not to have laughed at the bishop, for Mr. Littler looked thunderclouds.

“You are not in the playground, remember,” he said sternly.

I didn’t need to be reminded of that fact, for, to tell the truth, I was just planning a means of escape to the place in question. I could think of nothing but an old dodge, but I could hear the fellows shouting on the green, and felt desperate. I drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and suddenly clapped it to my nose. Mr. Littler saw the movement, and asked if I wasn’t well.

“It’s nothing,” I answered, which was, of course, quite true.

“Don’t you think you had better go?” suggested the bishop.

“I think perhaps I had, my lord,” I said as well as I could through my pocket-handkerchief.

“Make haste; and tell Mr. Robinson that a little cold water, or sometimes a key—”

But I was half-way across the Close already, and heard no more.

Have I told you that poor little Charity is dead? She had been ill a long time, and died about a month ago. We were all cut up about it—especially Perkins major. He used to go and sing to her, and—would you believe it?—he cried like a girl when he heard she was gone.

Charity was awfully fond of a fellow who used to be assistant master here, by the name of Lovell, and left him a

lot of her money. He was spoons on some one else—a girl in the bun-shop—and Faith and Hope got him moved away from Wellminster out of her way. Lovell was sneak enough to keep up with her all the time he was writing to Charity; and the other day he had the cheek to turn up again, no end of a swell, and said he had come to marry the bun-girl.

We made up our minds, if he honoured us with a visit, to give him a warm reception. Well, yesterday we were having a game of footer on the green in front of the school, when some one appeared in a long black coat and a very tall three-decker hat. Perkins and one or two of the other fellows knew who it was, and gave the word round. Maggs, who is a demon kick, had the ball, and, before you could say “knife,” he sent it with all his might against the goal-post, so that it cannoned off and hit the stranger, leaving a large patch of greasy, slimy dirt on his black clothes. Of course we shouted with laughter, while Mr. Lovell tried to repair the damage, and to look as unconcerned as he could under the circumstances. But we had not quite finished with him yet. Suddenly, without any one seeing where it came from or who kicked it, the ball flew towards him once more, and carried off his tall, glossy hat, which rolled merrily across the grass, and at last deposited itself in the road.

Poor old Lovell! He began to smell mischief now, and the way he glared at us was something to remember. He couldn’t say anything, because, of course, it was all an accident; but he didn’t show any further anxiety to make our acquaintance. Maggs picked up his battered beaver and gave it to him, and he took himself off, looking pretty much like a scarecrow out of work.

One of the special privileges I enjoy now is to attend the practices of the Wellminster Choral Society once a week, with Perkins and two other fellows. We get off preparation those evenings, so the Society is welcome to our services. It’s fun, too, I can tell you, to watch some of the old fogies sing. One of them reminds me very much of Aunt Barbara, only she’s a lot older. The dear old thing seems to fancy that everything the conductor (that’s Mr. Littler) says is meant especially for her. If he finds fault, she looks as cut-up as anything, and whispers to her next neighbour, “I must really try to get that right next time.” She sings for all she’s worth, and if I happen to be anywhere near her when the conductor says, “A little louder, please,” I always prepare for the worst.

They are not quite all antediluvians in the Wellminster Choral Society. Mary attends the practices regularly, which would be very nice if it weren’t for a conceited puppy of a curate, who takes her home every evening. I think it’s awful cheek, and so does Perkins. Some of the fellows say they are engaged, but I’m not going to believe that. Mary’s too jolly a girl to throw herself away on a curate.

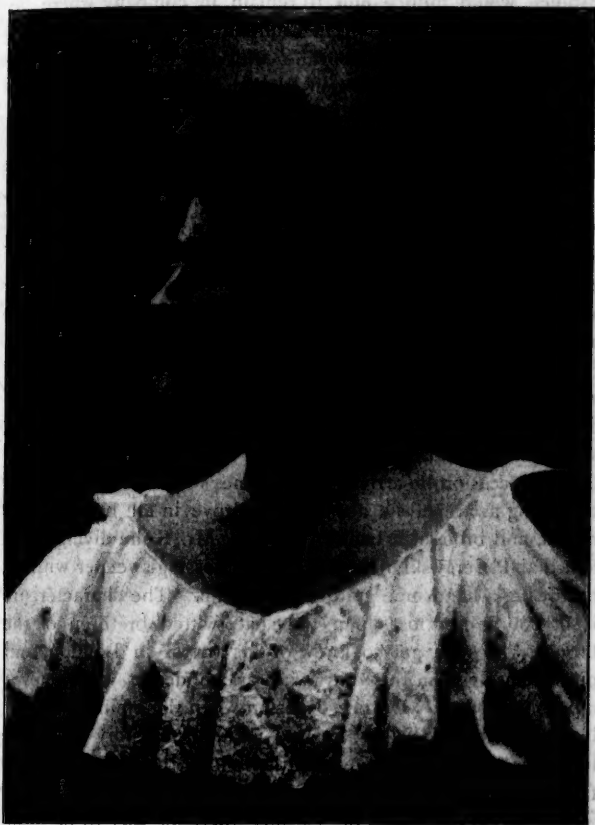
Dowling leaves this term, and Perkins major can’t last very much longer. Goodness knows what will happen when they are gone. I suppose there will be another trial; and, perhaps, my old friend, Paleface, will come here after all. If he does I shall have to take a back seat again.

Love to all.

Your affectionate Friend,

BERNARD STARR.





## Miss Balla Wiborg.

**T**HIS young lady is the younger sister of the Bayreuth "Wiborg," and, although her talents are very distinct from those of her stage sister, she comes here weighted with glowing tributes of praise, and triumphal wreaths, from Dresden.

She is a favourite concert and drawing-room singer in Germany, and in the freshness of her youth and beauty. She possesses a charming soprano or mezzo-voice, and sings French ballads and German *lieder* to perfection. She has been heard in London at Lady Hart's and other fashionable houses, and should become a general favourite in polite metropolitan circles, as well as throughout the country. She came over this year too late to secure the usual show appearances, but we believe she is to be heard during the coming winter—unless recalled by too numerous professional engagements to Germany, where she is a great favourite.

## Mr. Kuhe's Recollections.

**M**R. WILLIAM KUHE, so long associated with the musical concerns of Brighton, has been using his leisure for the last few years in setting down the recollections of a life which is now well forward in the seventies. Born in Prague, which used to rank as the most musical city in Germany, in 1823, Mr. Kuhe's memory carries him over a period in which many of the great gods of music were disporting themselves before the public. His family were not musicians, but their house was, notwithstanding, the centre of artistic life in Prague. One of the visitors was Wenzel Swoboda, a double-bass player at the Opera House, who had been a member of the orchestra when *Don Giovanni* was produced at Prague in 1787. Swoboda told Kuhe that Mozart, in a speech delivered at a local banquet, declared that the citizens of Prague were the only people in the world who understood his music! The same authority corroborated the statement, often made and as often denied, that on the night before its production the overture to *Don Giovanni* had not even been sketched. The ink, Swoboda recalled, was hardly dry on some of the pages when they were placed on the desks of the orchestra. A rehearsal was impossible. Nevertheless, as we know, the overture was played with a spirit which not only roused the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, but so greatly delighted the composer, that, turning to the orchestra, he exclaimed, "Bravo! bravo! gentlemen, that

was admirable, although some of the notes tumbled under the desks!" Here is another of Swoboda's reminiscences, which, however, has a suspicion of having been told in connection with others besides the composer of *Don Giovanni*. At the final rehearsal of the opera Mozart was not at all satisfied with the efforts of a young and very pretty girl, the possessor of a voice of greater purity than power, to whom the part of Zerlina had been allotted. The reader will, of course, remember that Zerlina, frightened at Don Giovanni's too pronounced love-making, cries for assistance behind the scenes. Well, in spite of continued repetitions, Mozart was unable to infuse sufficient force into the poor girl's screams, until at last, losing all patience, he clambered from the conductor's desk on to the boards. At that period, neither gas nor electric light lent facility to stage mechanism. A few tallow candles dimly glimmered among the desks of the musicians, but over the stage and the rest of the house almost utter darkness reigned. Mozart's sudden appearance on the stage was not noticed, much less suspected, by poor Zerlina, who at the moment when she ought to have uttered the cry, received from the composer a sharp pinch on the arm. Of course there was a fine shriek in consequence. "Admirable!" said Mozart. "Mind you scream like that to-night." Mozart, according to Swoboda, was, like Paderewski, passionately fond of billiards.

Kuhe's earliest musical experience came to him at the age

of five, when he heard Paganini; and it was because he managed to pick out on the piano when he got home a bit of one of Paganini's solos that his parents decided to make him a musician. Several stories are told here of the wizard violinist's miserly life and extraordinary stinginess. His washerwoman once asked him to give her a ticket for one of his concerts. He gave her the ticket, and afterwards deducted the price from her bill! On the other hand, hearing of Berlioz's poverty, Paganini made him a present of something like £800. Mr. Kuhe tells in connection with Paganini a story that has been fathered on several musicians. A society lady invited the violinist to a big dinner-party, and of course expected him to bring his instrument. But Paganini came without his fiddle, and when the lady frankly expressed her disappointment, he exclaimed, "You see, my violin never dines out." The story, we believe, really belongs to Fischer, the oboe player. But Mr. Kuhe has a knack of dressing up old tales in connection with his friends. That anecdote of Costa reprimanding a member of his band for being late by telling him not to "let it occur again" when the poor man had excused himself on the ground of a certain interesting event at home, has been told of a dozen different people. Mr. Kuhe, by the way, pays a fulsome tribute to Costa for his virtue of punctuality; but he might as well have kept that tale of Costa's impatience when Mrs. Kuhe's cook was two minutes late in sending up the dinner. Most people would be glad to get quickly rid of a guest of that sort. One may ride his virtues in such a way as to make them become vices.

About notable players whom he has heard and known, Mr. Kuhe has a good deal to tell us that is both interesting and amusing. It has been recorded of Chopin that when a young man he called on Kalkbrennar and played to him. "You certainly have a good deal of talent," said the veteran, "but you ought to have lessons from me to learn proper fingering and technique." After this we are not surprised at Mr. Kuhe's statement that he found Kalkbrennar vain and conceited, and did not think much of his playing either. Chopin he heard on his last appearance in London, in 1848. It was at Madame Sartori's, in Eaton Place, and there were about 150 people present who had paid a guinea each. At one end of the apartment there was a fine "grand," specially prepared by Broadwood for Chopin's delicate touch. The composer's figure was so attenuated at this time that he looked almost transparent; indeed, he was so weak that at a party given at Chorley's he had to be carried upstairs. Mario sang at this recital, and the handsome fellow, in his velvet coat, made an extraordinary contrast to the death-like appearance of the pianist. Of Liszt, Mr. Kuhe has many reminiscences, for he was intimate enough with that virtuoso to spend his honeymoon with him at Weimar. He dwells particularly on his generosity. Liszt, it seems, never took fees for lessons. He gave away vast sums in charity, and there is a story here of his having purchased, for £200, a 'cello on which a poor player had set his heart. Of Rubinstein, too, we hear a great deal. He had, it appears, a peculiar antipathy to the regulation evening dress, which makes a gentleman look like a waiter. Kuhe was once invited to dinner with him, and the hostess warned him beforehand that he must on no account wear his dress suit. But Kuhe had a second engagement of the kind for the same evening, and had accordingly to bring his swallow-tail in his bag, and change his clothes before leaving! Rubinstein was very superstitious. Nothing, for

instance, would induce him to remain in company where he was one of thirteen. Being in Edinburgh for a recital, he had invited thirteen friends to dine with him, but at the last moment one of the guests sent word that he could not attend. Consternation reigned for at least half an hour in bureau and kitchen, and in the drawing-room too. The *chef* had visions of a spoilt dinner, the hotel proprietor felt his reputation might be compromised, and the guests were wondering how it would all end, when a band began to play in the street below. Rubinstein had an idea at once. "There's no help for it," he exclaimed, "we must spoil the homogeneity of the performance, and give one of the musicians a supper." And so the waiter was sent down with a message, one of the bandmen came up, and the situation was saved! Paderewski, too, as we learn from Mr. Kuhe, is exceedingly superstitious. Not for him thirteen at a table either. He possesses a small walking stick which he takes with him to all his concerts "for luck." On one occasion he arrived at St. James's Hall without it; but becoming aware of its absence, he drove in all haste to his rooms, and brought it back with him. Mr. Kuhe divulges the fact that Paderewski never passes a crossing-sweeper without bestowing a handsome gratuity upon him. The characteristic is of course not lost upon the sharp-witted brethren of the broom, who soon get to know of his arrival in London, and put themselves in his way with a confidence which never misses its reward. On one occasion when the eminent pianist lunched with the Kuhes, he told an amusing story about his invalid son. When quite a little fellow, the boy asked his father, who was fulfilling engagements in Paris at the time, whether he might go to the Cirque, where he was to perform. The parent consented, and the lad was accordingly taken to the concert. When he came home, his father asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, not at all," was the youngster's reply; "it was the dullest cirque (circus) I have ever been to. I expected to see you go through hoops, but you only played at the piano, just as you do at home." Of Bülow there is nothing very fresh. Once when he offended the Emperor by some of his caustic sayings, the Kaiser sent him an intimation that he must no longer style himself "Court pianist to His Majesty the German Emperor." On receiving the message, Bülow expressed astonishment, and asked the envoy, "Am I court pianist?" "Why," replied the adjutant, "you have it on your visiting card." Bülow, unabashed, looked at his card, and said, "To be sure. I had quite forgotten. I will have it altered at once." And so he did, the word "people" taking the place of "Emperor." A composer once called upon the doctor and played him his "last new song." When he had done, he observed, "I think this melody ought to become popular." Bülow, whose ear was quick to discern in the thing reminiscences of other compositions, crushed the young man with the remark, "Oh, but it is so already." Of Madame Sophie Menter we are told that she has such an affection for cats that she used, when on tour fulfilling concert engagements, to take her favourites about with her. Nor is she satisfied with the common or garden tabby species, her tastes lying in what Mr. Kuhe calls the "great, big, splendid, soft, purring, cuddlesome Persians, of the pampered and petted variety."

Of eminent vocalists Mr. Kuhe has many reminiscences. Over Jenny Lind he becomes perfectly ecstatic, perhaps because, as he tells us, when she sang for professional musicians she never took a fee. He reminds us that about 1847, when



she was singing at Her Majesty's, stalls for single performances could not be had for less than five guineas, while the sums paid for boxes ranged from fifty to eighty guineas. These were prosperous days for impresarios and concert agents. At Brighton, in 1847, the late Frederick Wright, a local concert giver, was able to pay Jenny Lind a fee of £500, and, after settling with the artists who supported her, and defraying the other incidental expenses, pocket a sum equal to that given to the diva. And yet this concert was held in the town hall, a building that held only some six hundred people! Mr. Kuhe was present when Patti, "a pretty child, to all seeming of about fourteen," made her *début* at Covent Garden in 1861. How he gushes about the eminent singer may be gathered from the fact of his making the astounding declaration that "Patti would still have been all that she was thirty years ago, and is now, even if no one had trained her in voice production, scales, shakes, and all the other departments of vocal tuition. In her all accomplishments of that kind were in-born." How does Mr. Kuhe know? But what are we to expect of the man who tells us solemnly that Liszt would have played as he did play without any pianoforte teacher; that Mozart, and Beethoven, and Wagner would have done just as well as they have although they had never been instructed in composition? There is a lot of nonsense also set down about Nicolini, Patti's present husband. Writing of his first appearance in London, we are assured that "he proved himself one of the finest tenors ever heard in this country. He was very handsome, his voice was a real tenor of exceeding beauty, and most artistically managed, while his acting was both manly and graceful. He retired from public life far too soon, for even at this day his voice is in splendid preservation, but he prefers to lead the life of a country squire." The fact is, that Nicolini had but very moderate success on the operatic stage, for he had adopted the prevailing *tremolo* to such a degree as seriously to prejudice the method of singing which he acquired at the Paris Conservatoire. Nicolini has a remarkable resemblance to Mario, and there are some interesting things about that great tenor in Mr. Kuhe's volume. He was an inveterate smoker; whether at the opera or a concert, he indulged his fondness for tobacco all the time in which he was not actually before the public. Except at meals, indeed, he was never seen without a cigar, and if he awoke in the night he immediately lit one. He was so improvident and so foolishly generous, that his last days were spent in very reduced circumstances. Mr. Kuhe was with him once at the Old Ship, Brighton, when he ordered a shilling cigar, for which he handed the waiter half a sovereign and refused the change. On another occasion, at the same hostelry, he sent a sovereign out to a street band. Mario had good fees, but of course they were nothing like the present rates paid to fashionable tenors. The highest he received were those paid to him by Mr. Gye for his farewell performances, his terms being £600 for each month of ten representations. This was a mere £60 a night. Of Lablache, who, like, Alboni, was "enormously corpulent," we hear a good deal, but not much that is new. Mr. Kuhe tells that story, already recounted by Willert Beale in "The Enterprising Impresario," of the eminent basso having gone through a cab on his way to the opera. Lablache had an extraordinary affection for snuff-boxes. Of these he boasted a remarkable collection of every shape, size, and make, having a different one for use on every day in the year. Singular to relate, too, he had got them all in presents. Mr. Kuhe's references to Mr. Sims Reeves are

peculiarly interesting, because he makes himself an apologist for the tenor's repeated returns to public life after he had taken his "farewell." Perhaps it will be as well to quote Mr. Kuhe's exact words. Here they are: "Thoughtless people, persons who are ever ready to form rash conclusions, and make hasty and unwarranted assertions, are, I know, apt to blame the aforetime idol of the public for a state of things which, in reality, should arouse a feeling of sympathy in all who have been held in thrall by the magic of a matchless voice. To all such I would say: 'Pause; look on the blameless life and brilliant career of a man who has given, perhaps, more genuine and refined pleasure to music lovers than any artist of any country, and then ask yourselves the question, Is it right, is it generous, is it manly, to invent reasons for condemning one upon whom, in his old age, fickle fortune has refused to smile?'" And then Mr. Kuhe goes on in plain terms to tell us that Mr. Sims Reeves is driven by sheer necessity to continue singing. Well, we do not profess to be, like Mr. Kuhe, "behind the scenes," and so perhaps it will be best to leave his apology without comment. We may just add that the first time Reeves sang for Kuhe in London his terms were ten guineas; on the last occasion the fee had gone up to a hundred guineas.

Some of Mr. Kuhe's best stories are told in connection with Rossini, whom he met at Kissingen in the sixties. Rossini, like Ruskin, objected to railways, and arrived at Kissingen in a huge travelling carriage heavily laden with luggage. He had a keen wit, and did not care whom he offended. "You know," he said to Kuhe one day, speaking of Auber, "you know what pretty dance tunes he has always written!" Prince Poniatowski, the composer of the famous "Yeoman's Wedding" song, had one great ambition, and that was to have one of his works performed at the Grand Opera in Paris. His chance came, and having two operas by him, he went off to Rossini to ask his opinion as to which of the two he should select. Rossini agreed to hear him play the two operas over to him, but "not both on the same day." On the following morning Poniatowski duly arrived, armed with a very bulky volume containing one of the operas. Taking his seat at the piano, he played the work right through. When he had finished, Rossini, whose patience was well-nigh exhausted, turned to the prince and quietly remarked, "Now, my friend, I can advise you. Have the other one performed." On one occasion, Liszt having played him one of his symphonic poems, the same wit remarked, "I prefer the other." Liszt naturally asked, "Which other?" "The chaos in Haydn's *Creation*," was the reply. Rossini told Mr. Kuhe that he wrote his *Stabat Mater* hurriedly, at the request of an old schoolfellow, who had become a monk. Presently he lost all recollection of it. The monk died, his papers were sold, and a French publisher issued the *Stabat* without Rossini's knowledge. He would gladly have suppressed this juvenile attempt at sacred composition, had he been able to do so. "One cannot," he said, "jump suddenly from the stage into a church." Rossini never went to the opera or to any place of amusement, but he could not resist the temptation of hearing one of Wagner's works. It was *Tannhäuser*. Afterwards, when asked to give his opinion of the opera, he said, "It is too important and too elaborate a work to be judged after a single hearing; but, so far as I am concerned, I shall not give it a second."

Has the gift of humour been lost that we never have such good stories now?

## ✦ Humour in Music. ✦

SOME people have denied that there is such a thing as humour in music. However this may be, there is a good deal of music which can make us laugh; and we all know that certain kinds of alleged humour, so far from exciting our risible faculties, are calculated only to make us weep for pity. The element of humour in music is no doubt somewhat rare, but is sufficiently recognisable when encountered. The Clown's March and Pyramus' Dead March in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* are both distinctly comical pieces. So is Gounod's *Funeral March of a Marionette*. In *Die Meistersinger*, again, there is a good specimen of the way in which music can really be comic; although, as a matter of fact, a great deal of the fun deals with music, and not with ideas of the material world. Thus in the first act we have really droll imitations of musical pedantry, and one of the most absolutely funny episodes of the opera is Beckmesser's mock serenade, which, again, is really musical fun. This kind of thing may be seen in Mozart's famous "Musical Joke," which used to be heard occasionally in our concert rooms. Here the composer has pictured for us the attempts of an ambitious but ignorant leader of a small country band to write a symphony for his players. There is much that can be thoroughly appreciated by the educated musician, but all can see the fun in instruments coming in at wrong places, executing inappropriate phrases, and playing out of tune—if there be any fun in that!

Haydn gave vent to his humour in many ways. It is to him that we owe the origin of the *Toy Symphony*. A tradition, which there is no reasonable cause for doubting, says that the composer got seven toy instruments at a fair at Berchtesgaden, and taking them to Esterhâz, summoned some of his orchestra to an "important" rehearsal. When they found that they were expected to play a new symphony upon these toys—the only real instruments in the score are two violins and a double bass—the most experienced musicians in the land failed to keep their time for laughing. The original parts are entitled "*Sinfonia Berchtolsgadensis*"; the toy instruments employed are a "cuckoo" playing G and E, a trumpet and drum in G, a whistle, a triangle, and a "quail" in F. There are three movements, the last of which is played faster and faster each time.

In the "Surprise" Symphony Haydn produces a very humorous effect by a sudden and violent drumstroke when all the instruments are playing softly—hence the title of the work. "Here all the ladies will jump," said the composer, with a merry twinkle. An ingenious critic of the old "Oracle" had, by the way, a "surprise" theory of his own. "Act 2nd," says he, "opened with a first performance of the grand overture, composed by Haydn for this evening. The second movement was equal to the happiest of this master's conceptions. The Surprise might not inaptly be likened to the situation of a beautiful Shepherdess, who, lulled to slumber by the murmur of a distant waterfall, starts alarmed by the unexpected firing of a fowling-piece." Another instance of the varied meanings that may be brought out of a piece of "programme" music! During one of his visits to London Haydn composed an apparently easy sonata for pianoforte and violin. He called it "Jacob's Dream," and sent it

anonymously to an amateur who had a strong partiality for the extreme upper notes of the fiddle. The amateur was charmed with the opening. "Here is a composer," quoth he, "who thoroughly understands his instrument." But as he found that he was compelled to ascend the ladder, going higher and higher, without any chance of coming down again, the perspiration burst out upon his forehead, and he exclaimed, "What sort of a composition can this be? The man knows nothing whatever about the violin." In his oratorio of *The Creation*, too, there are several features introduced by Haydn which the observant listener can hardly fail to find amusing. In accompanying the words, "a long and sinuous worm," the orchestra indulges in music of a particularly "creepy" nature; and the sporting of the "Great Leviathan" is pictured by what Dr. Beattie called "an irregular rant of sounds." On one occasion this oratorio was made the subject of a grotesque effect certainly never intended by the composer. In the course of the work occurs the well-known passage. "And God said, Let there be light." Before commencing the chorus in which this passage occurs, the gas had been turned low, and at the critical moment, on the word "light," the operator at the main screw turned vigorously, and a blinding flash of light electrified the audience. Thus did the gas-man prove himself an even more dazzling genius than the composer!

In Handel's *Israel in Egypt* there is a good deal that would probably be regarded as comic if the subject were not bound by sacred associations. For example, the music by which the plague of frogs is described is exceedingly grotesque. Handel, no doubt, intended to imitate the manner in which these lively creatures move about, and in which, it is to be presumed, they skipped through the dwellings of the hard-hearted Pharaoh and his subjects. Again, the plague of flies is pictured in the music by a buzzing, rustling noise, which the violinists have to produce as well as their instruments will permit. All the other plagues are thus musically illustrated, but with somewhat less success.

Rossini was one of the best writers of comic music. He "launched out into all kinds of extravagance," says one of his biographers, "and introduced some effects in which musical instruments, properly so-called, had no part." In one of his operas he uses metal lamp-shades—tapped with violin bows—as instruments of percussion! Mendelssohn has his little bit of fun when he introduces the bray of the donkey in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but as a rule he takes a serious view of his art. Our own Purcell, too, is not without his humour, though probably in his case the humour is unintentional. In one piece, having to set the words, "They that go down to the sea in ships," he somewhat ridiculously takes the bass singer down a run of two octaves, leaving him drowned at the lower D. The same unfortunate bass is immediately carried "up to heaven" on a long high note!

Even Beethoven himself can be at least suggestively funny on occasion, as when he gives a passage to an instrument unsuited for it, and upon which it sounds absurd. The bassoon, of course, is the usual victim on such occasions. We all remember the tipsy bassoon in the scherzo of the Eighth Symphony, as well as the wrong entry of the horn in the



*Eroica*, and its indignant suppression by the rest of the orchestra.

Some things, of course, have been called "Humoreske" which are not humorous at all—Schumann's Op. 20 and Op. 88, No. 2, for example, and certain compositions of Heller and Grieg. On the other hand, in Rubinstein's *Don Quixote*, which he entitles "Humoreske," the humour is both obvious and boisterous. Then there are Bach's so-called "Comic" cantatas. It would be difficult to imagine an association of ideas at first sight more incongruous than those of comely and Sebastian Bach. And in truth there is very little in the music to suggest humour of any kind. It is just

like Bach's other music; and, just as in most of Sullivan's comic operas, the fun we experience comes simply from the words. The "Coffee" cantata commences with a dialogue between a father and daughter on the subject of drinking coffee, the old gentleman insisting upon it that she shall never have a husband until she abandons her favourite beverage; and, although the girl gives way upon the point, it is evident that she does so with a mental reservation. All this is amusing enough, but there is, as we have said, nothing amusing about the music; and if we feel elated at all, it is simply because our risible faculties have been aroused by the suggestions of the text.



## The Bayreuth Festival, 1896.

BY S. FRASER HARRIS.

BAYREUTH, July 19, 1896.

HERE we are, after a long, wearying journey. Leaving London on Wednesday evening, we broke the journey at Cologne and Nuremberg, and reached the Mecca of Artistic Europe on Saturday morning. Little has changed since I was here last—1892—and the old-world town keeps itself wonderfully free from the tarnish of "touristism"! Already hundreds are arriving for the first cycle, which opens to-night at five o'clock, and as it has just been announced that Dr. Richter will only conduct the first and last cycle, those of us who have tickets are happy—people are selfish here as well as in London!—Mottl conducting the other sets. I don't suppose twenty per cent. of the audience will know any difference between the great conductor's and his younger friend's style, but it is something to say that Dr. Richter conducted, and not some less well-known man. Of course one can say that he did conduct when he didn't; but critics never lie—at least not in Bayreuth. The shop windows are filled with photographs of scenes from *The Ring*; of Wagner and Siegfried Wagner; of Richter, Levi, Mottl, and other well-known conductors; and singers from all parts of Europe who are identified with the great Festivals. The journey from Cologne here is certainly qualified to attune the mind to the right mood in which to receive correct and lasting impressions from the mighty drama to be unfolded.

What memories the Rhine calls up, even to the tyro in German lore! One hardly needs to know any legends to find an interest in the castles, churches, mansions and ruined keeps that crown the vine-clad heights. The time-worn walls, fading memories of the good old days, now all but lost through the years that fill the gap between to-day and yesterday, once the scenes of so much splendour, when gay knights and handsome singers wooed fair maids—much as it is done now, I suppose—and sometimes won and sometimes lost! Or we think of the days when steel met steel, and the crash of weapons resounded in the courtyards, and the survival of the fittest was in very truth the only law respected. Then the great "Denkmal"—Germania—comes in sight, and our feelings are stirred to the depths as we view the monument. What a terrible time that grand figure recalls—a time when bloodshed and rapine was in the land, when cities were stormed, houses made desolate, and families left to mourn for the father, husband, brother and lover who would never return again. And there stands the beautiful figure of "Germania" keeping watch over the land her sons loved so well and died to save. Then the famous "Lorelei"—famous in song, story, and fireside tale,—comes in sight, and once again the flood-gates of our thoughts are opened, and we think of the ravishingly lovely woman who by her beauty ruined hundreds of thoughtless men, and we think of many a friend lost to all by a nineteenth century "Lorelei" madness, and regret the poetry that has been spent on the original, as the copy is so very commonplace.

The Rhine-girls in "Das Rhingold" still float about in the rivers of life, and still show treasures of gold to man, and the pity is that more do not renounce love and gain possession of the gold, as Alberich did!

Nuremberg also has its charms. No city in Europe has kept its medieval character so long. The city has changed very little from the days when Hans Sachs and his friends met in the beautiful old church and held those "singing-trials," made immortal in *The Meistersingers*. A grand stand against the first waves of that sea of inartistic mediocrity which has now swept away all that was best in art, leaving only the island of Bayreuth! No one can look upon the old city walls, moss grown and ivy-clad; the postern gates red-roofed and mellow by the kindly hand of time; or the quaint little towers and hidden wooden passages, without feeling drawn nearer the humble meisters and devoutly thankful to them for preserving "our glorious Art."

When one comes to think of it, is it not a wonderful thing that in 1896 thousands of people should come from over the seas, pass through hundreds of miles of such country, all for the purpose of witnessing one man's work! Drawn thither by the fame thereof—as was the Queen of Sheba of old. Indeed this is the age of contrasts; at once so prosaic and poetic.

This journey has taught me one thing, and that is never to believe in Time-fables. A great French author wrote a book called "A Living Lie"—he might just as well have translated a Railway Time-table into his language and given it that name. But all these little troubles are forgotten now that we have reached our Mecca. Thanks to the Vervaltungs-committee we have charming rooms in Richard Wagner Strasse, and should the present glorious weather continue both mornings and evenings will be ideally spent.

Looking through the official list of those connected with the Festival I found the following word—Hoftheaterobermaschinenmeister, and can only hope that the gentleman so described is a strong, healthy man, otherwise he would certainly require some nerve tonic to prevent him having a fit: he may, however, be paid in proportion to the length of the word. The Fremden-liste just published gives the name of the Kgl. Hoheit Frau Herzogin von Schleswig-Holstein as a visitor to the Festival, but as yet few great Wagnerians have arrived. The second Fremden-liste is made up to-day, and will doubtless contain many names of great interest.

Madame Wagner and Herr Siegfried Wagner have been in daily attendance at the theatre for the past few weeks, and report speaks of a truly magnificent performance being the result. The only English members of the band are Pasco. P. Akeroyd, of Liverpool, and Desiré Lalonde, of London. Miss Marie Brema sings Fricka.

Further details must be left till my next account.

(To be continued.)



## Waldemar Meyer.



By MARIE WURM.



**A** VIOLINIST who has had one of the most costly, if not *the* most costly, violin which exists in the world presented to him, must surely have more than mere musical talent in him to merit such an exceptional distinction, and it has interested me very much to hear how this came about.

It seems that this violin was made for George I., King of England, and Elector of Hanover, in the year 1716, by Antonius Stradivarius, and it remained until the beginning of this century in possession of the English Royal Family. George III. gave it as a present to one of his favourites, a Scotch officer, who became so passionately attached to it that he never even parted with it during the wars in which he was engaged, and when he died the death of a hero in the battle of Waterloo, the violin was found amongst his luggage.

The family thought the instrument would be best taken care of by a renowned musician, and therefore presented it to the celebrated violinist, Molique; and when he was prevented from following his profession, he let his best pupil, Baron von Dreifuss, in Munich, have it.

The existence of this costly possession soon became known everywhere, and Baron von Dreifuss had offers made to him from every side, but the immense value of 32,000 francs placed upon it was too great for many an enthusiastic admirer.

It remained for generous and music-loving England to pre-

sent a German violinist, Herr Waldemar Meyer, with the instrument; for when it became known in London what had become of the Stradivari, a committee of 300 ladies and gentlemen at once set to work to obtain possession of it. Amidst much ceremony, the violin was presented to Waldemar Meyer at the Grosvenor Gallery in London, and he played upon it there and then before an audience of 1,000 people. Dead silence reigned whilst he held the royal instrument in his hands, drawing the first tones, and the audience seemed spell-bound during the whole performance. When Meyer had finished playing Spohr's Adagio, it seemed as if heavenly peace had come over the audience; they left the meeting as quietly and solemnly as if they had been to church.

It was in 1882 that Waldemar Meyer first went to England and was introduced to Mr. August Manns, at the Crystal Palace, by his former master, Professor Joachim. Mr. Manns at once engaged him to play at the Crystal Palace on two successive Saturdays. He remained four years in London, during which time he had the violin presented to him. His last visit was in 1891. On leaving London, Meyer came to Berlin, where he was engaged as a professor at the Klindworth Scharwenka Conservatoire. But he remained only one year there, as he was so constantly engaged with concerts. In one winter alone he gave thirteen concerts of his own in Berlin, nine of them being orchestral ones. He has now established a violin school of his own, and has many pupils, the most talented amongst them being a young American girl aged 14.

Waldemar Meyer thinks that the English, as a musical nation, have been and still are much underrated, and he believes in the future greatness of England's music and musicians. Of Hamish McCunn he spoke in very warm, enthusiastic terms.

Meyer seems methodical in his habits, for he devotes every morning regularly to practice, and teaches only in the afternoon. His method is a mixture of French and German, and therefore his playing is perhaps all the more fascinating, for he combines full and noble quality of tone with grace and warm feeling. He is essentially a classical player, and I have read that some people even think the only and one worthy successor of Joachim.

Coming of a musical family (his father was a Royal Bandmaster), he had the advantage of violin lessons from Joachim when he was still a very small boy, and the late Emperor William allowed him a yearly stipend for his studies. For eight years he was a member of the Royal Opera Orchestra in Berlin, so that he has had every opportunity of hearing the best music.

He has now formed his own method, his own individuality has come to the front, and far from playing only in the German style, he has learnt and tried to learn from the French and Belgian school as well. He is genuinely generous in his praise of other violinists, and especially of young Petschnikoff, the new star, who has sent Germany into ecstasy by his wonderful playing.



## Notes and Reviews.

By A MUSIC-SELLER.

WHETHER the English concertina will ever emerge from the cloud under which it has rested for some time, in consequence of the invasion of its German namesake and of certain defects in its own construction, and come greatly into vogue, is not easy to foretell. The instrument certainly has an honourable record, which its professors labour strenuously to maintain. Among these professors, Signor Alsepi may be named as a thorough artist, a sound musician, and a loyal advocate of the claims of the instrument of his choice. His new "English Concertina Method," published by Messrs. Lachenal & Co., the well-known manufacturers, cannot fail to do all that it is possible for a clearly-written and exhaustive Tutor to accomplish in the way of bringing the instrument into more general use. The publishers, in their Introduction to the book, say:—

"The English concertina has been so vastly improved during the last few years in tone, form, and construction, more especially by the author's invention of 'Bowing Valves,' and the extension of the compass, that all existing books of instruction are more or less obsolete. At the same time its position as a solo instrument has undergone a marked improvement, while its usefulness in orchestra (either in substituting reeds or strengthening strings) is being recognised on all sides by leading musicians.

"What has hitherto retarded the progress of the concertina has been its weakness with respect to three very important factors in music, namely: Accent, Expression, and Phrasing.

"By the invention of the 'Bowing Valves,' which are for the first time exhaustively treated in this book, these difficulties are entirely overcome; and we think it cannot be too much to say that there is a great and assured future for the improved modern English concertina."

As a pupil of the great Giulio Regondi, whose name has been so ruthlessly used in connection with books published for the benefit of performers upon that atrocity, the German concertina, Signor Alsepi brings unique experience to bear upon his work. His description of the instrument, and of its proper management, is lucid and easy to understand, and the exercises with which the Tutor abounds, and which include a complete set of major and minor scales and arpeggios, are of a pre-eminently useful character. Special and valuable features are the instructions for adapting violin music to the concertina, and the application, for reasons which will be apparent to all students, to the latter instrument of terms hitherto used only in connection with stringed instruments.

"In order," says the author, in his concluding remarks, "to be able to give proper expression and phrasing in music, the pupil is strongly advised to hear good artists on stringed (bowed) instruments at every opportunity. By that means he will be able to watch the bowing, and obtain a better idea of *true* expression than could be taught in a hundred pages of instruction."

*A propos* of the English concertina, it is not generally known that among the composers who have contributed to the *répertoire* of the instrument are Molique, who wrote two concertos, and a grand sonata for concertina and pianoforte; Kalliwoda, G. A. Macfarren, and E. Silas; the two latter having written quintets for concertina and strings.

A few weeks ago I was taking a short holiday among the Wiltshire downs, and naturally paid a visit to the quaint old city of Salisbury and its stately cathedral. I was struck by the excellence of the cathedral choir, and by a beautiful setting of the Psalms which was quite new to me. Upon making inquiries after the service, I was surprised and interested to learn that the chant-

book in use is a compilation by Mr. B. Luard Selby, who was for some time the cathedral organist. The collection has not been published (more's the pity!), but is, so far as I could judge from a hurried inspection, one of the most beautiful and complete collections in existence. It contains many really lovely and strikingly original chants by the editor, which deserve a permanent place in the literature of church music.

Strange to say, on leaving the cathedral one of the first persons I met was Mr. Luard Selby himself, who had escaped from London for a brief period, and returned to his old haunts in pursuit of his pet hobby, "the sport of rod and line."

I do not think that Mr. Luard Selby has yet received the full recognition due to his talent as a composer. He is one of the few who wait until they have something to say before writing, and who never fail to express themselves in a chaste, dignified manner. But, I must confess, Mr. Selby is not the man I should have expected to find figuring as the composer of a "humorous cantata for children," although in his dainty little work, *Summer by the Sea*, he has already shown himself capable of reaching the juvenile mind. *The Waits of Bremen*, just published by Novello, is, however, one of the brightest, merriest, little cantatas I have met with for many a day. The words by Mr. Shapcott Wensley are irresistible, and the music with which Mr. Selby has clothed them is in an equally happy vein. What youngster would not appreciate the fun of the opening chorus, "The Miller's Old Donkey," or revel in the boisterous merriment of the medley, "Hee-haw! Bow-wow! Mee-iaw!?"

Organists will be glad to have their attention called to "Fifteen Celebrated Marches," arranged from the Scores of the Great Masters for the Organ, by W. T. Best (Novello & Co.). Mr. Best's arrangements are generally skilfully laid out, and effective in performance, and these marches are no exception to the rule. Although effect has, in no case, been sacrificed to easiness, they will make no extraordinary demands upon the skill of the players. The transcription of Chopin's "Funeral March," from the pianoforte sonata (Op. 25), which has been transposed from the original key to C minor in order to obtain the lowest tones from the pedal bass, is particularly good, and will be welcome to those who have hitherto looked in vain for a suitable arrangement of this beautiful piece. I am glad to see that Mr. Best does not recognise the incongruous method of playing Handel's "Dead March in Saul" with a series of "thunder and earthquake" effects so much in vogue now.

I have lately received some very attractive pianoforte music from Mr. Edwin Ashdown, including "Quatre Pensées Poétiques," a charming series of pieces by Anton Strelezki; "Gavotte Mignonne," by Tito Mattei; and a "Minuet" and "Gavotte," somewhat in the olden style, from the pen of a writer whose name seems new to me—G. Lardelli. "Volkstanz," No. 2 of Two Sketches by Olaf Petersen (Joseph Williams), will undoubtedly find a large sale; but, with all their cleverness, I am afraid the same cannot be said of Florian Pascal's Scandinavian Sketches (same publisher). Mr. J. L. Roedel's "Graceful Dance" (Novello & Co.) is one of the daintiest things of its kind I know, and should be in the hands of every young player.

Messrs. Novello & Co. send me a copy of *Choral Society Vocalization*, an important work by Sir John Stainer, to which I hope to refer next month. A number of songs and other vocal works must also stand over.

## Selected Subjects.

### THE PEDAL VIOLIN.

ONE of the latest inventions, as we learn from the *Violin Times*, is the "Pedal Violin." It is described as externally resembling the bowed zither, having a finger-board divided by frets. The instrument rests on a square support as high as an ordinary table; it has five strings, the additional one being the low C of the viola. Between the strings, without touching them, is an endless strip of parchment covered with resin, which is set in motion by a treadle. Five keys serve to bring the parchment strip in touch with one of the strings. The player's right hand holds the finger-board, the left manages the five keys, and the feet set the band of parchment in motion. The tone, which is described as being rather sharper than that of the true violin, can be increased or decreased at will, according to the pressure applied to the keys. The patentee, whose name by the way is Mueller Brannan, does not intend that his instrument shall oust the violin proper (magnanimous Mueller!). It is intended mainly for home use, and to enable the amateur to get through the rudiments of violin study in much less time than is now possible. Alas! judging from the description, one would imagine that the Pedal Violin must have something of the effect of a hurdy-gurdy and musical box combined.

### THE VALUE OF STACCATO PRACTICE.

THE splendid results to be obtained from staccato practice seem to be but little known to piano students. They have heard their teachers speak of it, perhaps, or have read of it somewhere; probably they have used it for a short time, and, like many people with their medicine, if it does not help them at once they leave it off. A writer in the American *Étude* has a word or two for such students. Staccato scales, he says, are extremely beneficial. In practising them, however, it is well at first to take the hands separately; for in going toward the weak fingers the tendency is to make the staccato too much less pronounced. It is much more difficult to play a run staccato than legato, and the staccato practice will at first have to be very slow, to be sure that every note is staccato. The scale will generally go very well till it goes down, and is within an octave or so of the end. Then the tendency is to hurry, and end in a perfect blur. The staccato practice of arpeggios derived from the diminished seventh, with strong accents, will be found excellent to make the fingers strong and sure. But they must not be practised at such a tempo that it is impossible to make them clear. Practice of that sort is more injurious than beneficial. The idea of *hurrying* pupils that are naturally inclined to hurry is extremely bad. Such a pupil can always play a composition rapidly enough when his fingers have once gained a good hold on it. If a composition of the "perpetual motion" kind is practised with staccato it will be a great aid in conquering the technical difficulties. There are some compositions, not difficult ones, that seem to be of more value in staccato work than many others. Good examples of this are some of the Bach Inventions; the first of Heller's *Études Progressives*, Op. 46; the well-known étude of Cramer in C; Czerny's *Velocity Études*, Op. 299, Book IV., No. 1; Raff's *Étude Mélodique*, Op. 130, No. 2; and Chopin's *Waltz*, Op. 64, No. 1. All these are quite easy if played without staccato, but with staccato it is decidedly different. Staccato practice will undoubtedly make a person's playing "clean cut" and give it that delightful bell-like clearness which everybody admires. See to it then!

### A HINT FOR "AT HOME" PIANISTS.

IT was at a noble mansion in Belgrave Square where Mr. W. Kuhe was once engaged to play for the edification of a number of guests bidden to a crowded "At Home." It happened that the very next day Kuhe was to perform at a concert in the Hanover

Square Rooms, so the idea occurred to him that it would be good practice to play over the piece—a new one—for which he was put down in the programme of the morrow. He did so, to the usual accompaniment of a babel of voices. When the piece was done he rose from the piano and was rewarded with "considerable plaudits." When his turn came to play again he repeated the same composition, and nobody was a bit the wiser, because nobody paid the least attention. Yet a third time Kuhe was asked to give the guests a further opportunity of exercising their conversational powers to the accompaniment of his strains. He complied, and again he ran through his old piece. Result the same. Talk, laughter, final crash on the "grand," and then the applause and the cries of "Charming!" "Exquisite!" and so on. The hostess in particular was lavish in her compliments. "And which of the three pieces did you like best?" enquired Kuhe. "Well," she replied, after duly considering the point, "I think I preferred the second one. But," she added "not that I didn't appreciate the others; only the second was so sweetly melodious." In short, it makes no difference whether you play the *Dead March* or "When Johnny comes marching home" at these social functions. Andrew Lang says that music is the enemy of conversation, but Andrew has never been at an "At Home," or he would know that music is the bosom friend of talk.

### MUSIC ENGRAVERS, TAKE NOTE.

WE quite agree with the orchestral player who gives the music engravers a "hearing" about the awkward turns so often to be found in instrumental music. A badly arranged turn-over often completely spoils the effect of a passage. One day quite recently it fell to the lot of a certain violinist to be playing at a performance of Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*. In the "Song of the Maidens," No. 9, the violins have a continuous florid figure. Somewhere near the middle, the first violins have three bars rest. To those uninitiated into the mysteries of music engraving these three bars rest would have instantly suggested that here was a most suitable place for a turn to be made. But evidently the expert thought otherwise, for although the three bars rest occurred on the last line of the page, the florid figure was re-commenced and the turn came two bars later. Consequently, half the first violins were unable to play for about three bars. When they commenced playing the sudden increase in the volume of tone gave an effect to the passage which, we are sure, was not in Sullivan's mind when he wrote it. In songs of three or four verses, or in dance music, the sections of which are played over and over again, still more care is necessary in this matter. Waltzes are frequently to be met with where the first section of a figure is on one side of the page, and the second section on another. Each figure being played two, three or four times, according to necessity, the constant turning backwards and forwards is not only irritating and fatiguing to the players, but is most detrimental to an adequate performance of the music. The principal object of the engraver seems to be to make his pages look nice. If twelve lines are on one page, twelve must be on another. He appears to quite ignore the fact that by putting thirteen or eleven on one page he would often obviate the necessity of half the players leaving out three or four bars of music. But perhaps this very minute defect has never before been pointed out to him by the critics. They hear the strings are weak at a place where they should be strong, and proceed to blame the players or the conductors accordingly. Not that it hurts either much, but still they do it, and sometimes not in a pleasant way.

### WAGNER EXPOUNDED AGAIN.

DR. FIEDLER has been instructing Birmingham amateurs on the subject of Wagner. In one of his lectures he reminded his



audience that in Wagner's works it was not merely a question of music; the drama itself was the essential thing, and the music one of the many arts brought in to intensify the emotion and to express that which was beyond the reach of words. The critics and the general public at first stood aghast at the audacity of an operatic libretto composer who ventured to claim literary value for his work, and they quietly put it aside. The few who received it were puzzled at the language and form, which seemed most strange and uncouth. In his *Nibelungen* cycle Wagner had revived a great number of obsolete words, and in many places had coined new ones or endowed old words with new meaning. No doubt he sometimes went rather far in this respect; his creations and adaptations were frequently audacious, but almost always they hit the mark in the happiest manner. Wagner had only done what poets in all ages had done; he had shown that he was en-

dowed with the truly poetic power of creating new words, and moulding the language of his people. But above and beyond this, Wagner in the *Nibelungen* had discarded rhyme and modern versification altogether and had adopted the metre and the alliteration of the Eddic songs which were the source of his drama. Wagner, no doubt, adopted alliteration first and foremost for the sake of local colour; the rugged character of the Northern myths called for a like rugged mode of expression, but in his treatise, "Opera and Drama," he gave many other reasons for it. He wished above all that the words should be understood, and as alliteration fell on the accentuated root syllable the singer was helped both in the enunciation and in the understanding of the words. The words of the old operas were almost invariably the most dreadful nonsense; it was therefore unnecessary to trouble about the pronunciation.

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## Sir Augustus Harris.



IT is uttering no conventionality to say that the death of Sir Augustus Harris is an irreparable loss to the cause of opera in London. No one but he has been able for many years to conduct an opera season with any measure of success, and it is very doubtful if any one will have the boldness to try when he himself, a born organizer, has only managed to keep things going by the employment of wonderful energy, insight, and tact. The history of opera in London had indeed been a series of disasters until Sir Augustus Harris brought his energy and business capacity to bear on the subject, and to him is due the credit of creating order from what was little less than chaos.

The biography of the deceased impresario is soon told. Sir Augustus was born in Paris in 1852, of English parents. His father was connected for over thirty years with Covent Garden Theatre, and was accounted in his day one of the most successful stage managers in Europe. After the death of his father he went upon the stage, making his *début* in 1873 at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as Malcolm in *Macbeth*. From there he moved to Liverpool, where he played light comedy parts with the late Mr. Barry Sullivan. There he met Colonel Mapleson, who engaged him as assistant manager for his Italian opera company. The energy and ability he displayed in this work gained for him in a few weeks the position of chief manager, which he held for nearly three years. When Mapleson went to America Harris transferred his services to the Criterion Theatre, and afterwards to the Royalty. In 1879 he became lessee and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, which, under his management, took a new lease of life. It became the home of melodrama and of spectacle, and of not a few of the pieces produced there he was the joint author with Mr. Pettitt, Mr. Hamilton, and others. Under his hand also pantomime took a fresh start, and his productions in that way were on a scale of splendour never before attempted in London. To him also was due a revival of Italian opera at Covent Garden. The enterprises which "Gus Harris," as he was familiarly termed, laid his hand to were numerous and great, and it was not often he touched anything that was not successful.

As an impresario, Sir Augustus was undoubtedly incomparable in his way. Many anecdotes have been told of him, a few of which we reproduce here. His kindness of heart and his love of a good joke were proverbial. During one of the early rehearsals of his last pantomime, he saw a strange face among the chorus. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I am a 'blue-bell,'" was the reply. "Hum; who engaged you? Mr. Collins?" Mr. Collins is the stage manager. "No," said the lady; "Mr. — engaged me." Mr. — was an under call-boy, who had told the chorister it would be "all right." Sir Augustus marched up to Mr. —, and, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "You are spending an awful lot of money on this pantomime." But the chorister was retained, nevertheless. As a young man Augustus was quite the dandy, and in the early seventies at Brighton, while he was stage-managing the opera company, considerably amused the late Middle. Titens

by walking through the heavy snow in patent leather boots. At another provincial theatre he had to mount *Oberon* at six hours' notice, and could find nothing but some old pantomime scenery covered with dust. But he made a brave show at night, and forthwith sent the manager a bill for a damaged waistcoat. It was a treat to see him at rehearsals. He saw nothing derogatory in heading a troupe of ballet girls, and instructing them how a wand, a wreath, or a scarf should be borne. At an opera rehearsal he would march in front of the supers, then rush at the prima donna with wild motions of the arms, then come down to the footlights and talk to the conductor, his hints, although he was quite ignorant of music, being always of value. When, at the last rehearsal of *La Navarraise*, M. Massenet insisted upon a volley of musketry, which broke several panes of glass in the floral Hall, Sir Augustus, with a smile on his face, told him it was a pity that a composer ever came to rehearsal at all. And at the dress rehearsal of Mackenzie's opera, *The Troubadour*, when the late Dr. Hueffer, of *The Times*, came on the stage as librettist to give some hint, Harris seized him by the waist, and pirouetted round with the portly author, to the huge amazement of the professional ballet. Sir Augustus had a ready wit. When charged at a public meeting with "nobbling the Press," he turned the laugh upon his assailant by offering £100 if his heckler would tell him how to do it, for, he said, "I have been trying it these ten years." Again, his retort in the cross-examination of counsel concerning his Italian—"common or garden Italian, otherwise Covent Garden Italian Opera"—will be recollected.

No man ever excelled him in the difficult art of handling the wilful prima donna and the obstreperous fashionable tenor. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, there were times when the Royal Opera House was a sort of small model of the armed camp of Europe, with representatives of every nation burning to be at the throats of the others. Somehow he always managed to keep the peace. Perhaps he would have done more wisely to have handed over more of the carrying out of his plans to trustworthy lieutenants. But he preferred to carry out everything himself, and no man was ever more entitled to the full credit of everything good that was done in his name. He invented, arranged, rehearsed and produced his grand spectacular pantomimes practically unaided, and there was not an insignificant super on the stage who had not been personally instructed by the chief. And still he found time for all kinds of occupations outside his own enterprise. Sir Augustus' favourite name for himself was "poor boy"; his one hobby the purchasing of portmanteaux of all shapes and sizes.

It may be mentioned, as an instance of the late impresario's habit of looking far ahead that he continued, somewhat to the surprise of his friends, to act on the stage at Drury Lane for three years after becoming lessee and manager of that house, for the purpose of ensuring a pension of £365 "in case of accidents." By a quaint provision of the "Old Drury Lane Fund," any manager who has acted on the boards at Drury Lane for three successive years can, in case of need, claim a life pension of £1 per day.

## Recollections and Anecdotes of Bülow.

WHEN Hans von Bülow, in 1851, at the age of twenty-one, writes Bernard Boekelman in *The Century*, resolved to devote his life entirely to music, he found a large field for desirable reform in which to exercise his activity. Liszt, who, previous to 1847, had reaped the laurels of a royal virtuoso, then began his career as conductor at the Royal Opera House in Weimar, and soon found himself surrounded by the best of the young musical talent of the world. His pupils—the artists of our generation—he easily indoctrinated with the novel ideas which he brought forward in his own compositions. He began the publication of his symphonic poems, and in 1850 brought out Wagner's *Lohengrin* in Weimar for the first time. This production, under the baton of Liszt, opened the "thirty years' war" between the classical and the new German schools. The offensive struggle was made under great difficulties, the headquarters of Liszt, the general-in-chief, being in Weimar. The contention was between form and freedom; the "classicists" confined their creative acts to well-defined art forms, while the "romanticists" desired to bring out new ideas, to enrich the tone material of their art, and to add to it new means of expressing emotion. The romantic school, however, had within itself the germ of artistic realism. Thus Schubert, whose spirit is essentially romantic, is accounted classic because he merely sought to express the sentiment of the poems he turned into songs, without any effort to make each note conform to the exact shade of feeling expressed by the word to which it was sung. Thus conformity of note to word, the crucial test of the new German school, was instituted by Liszt, whose songs are practically small phrases in recitative form. Liszt further declared war by breaking the laws of formal symmetry in his symphonic poems. In proposing that the only limits to musical forms should be the limits which define the poetical idea expressed by the music, he became, with Berlioz, the champion of program music. To obtain new means to express the different emotions he used new and unusual harmonic combinations. Berlioz, who had visited Germany between 1842 and 1845, enlarged the orchestra with new instruments and new tone-colouring. Wagner employed all these innovations in his music-dramas, and became the exponent *de facto* of the new German school.

Wagner's versatility as a writer soon brought matters to a crisis, and at the same time secured him a host of adherents. Among the Liszt-Wagner forces were many men now well known for originality and talent. Among them we recall Friedrich Nietzsche, professor of classical philology in Basel. Upon the publication of *Parsifal*, however, Nietzsche publicly announced his defection from the cause in a pamphlet called the "Fall of Wagner." On the other hand, Heinrich Ehrlich (better known in America as the editor of "Tausig's Studies") contributed a tract on "Wagner's Art and True Christianity." Richard Poh, L. Köhler, Franz Müller, Joachim Raff, William Tappert, Heinrich Porges, Otto Lessmann (Bülow's pupil), and Gottlieb Federlein all wrote, analyzed, and explained in tracts, in the columns of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung*, or in other musical periodicals wherever open to their views. Franz Brendel, who succeeded Schumann in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, made that paper a kind of official organ for the propagation of the ideas of the young dramatic-musical school, and it was in its pages that Wagner's famous anonymous article, "Das Judentum in der Musik," first appeared. The activities of the new propaganda did not stop here. Felix Draeseke wrote a humorous school of harmony in rhyme, while Weitzman actually formulated the laws of the new harmonic development, and reduced the whole to a practical pedagogic basis. Karl Klindworth wrote the piano scores of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy; Peter Cornelius, poet and musical litterateur, translated many of Liszt's French writings into German; Tausig, whom Weitzman

dubbed "the last of the virtuosi," conducted the works of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz in Vienna. The entire movement was full of energy, productivity, and violent rancour. Religion, race, morals, politics, and artistic convictions were inextricably involved in the *mêlée*. Such an array of musical genius as the world will hardly see again, intoxicated with the beauty, the liberty, the originality, and the power of the new creative movement, threw itself into it with all the ardour of the artistic nature.

No wonder that a man like Bülow, a thinker, a student educated in the universities of Berlin and Leipsic, did not stand aloof, but took up the cry, "The public needs education, and must have it. I will be your teacher; follow me." Like Napoleon, he decided to be dictator in the new empire. He wrote, he edited, he gave concerts and recitals, he revised, he founded concert organizations, he published, he brought forward writers and musicians. He invigorated, disciplined, inspired, and, in short, constituted a head centre of aggression in the prosecution of the movement to which he adhered. The declaration of war against Wagner in Paris in 1859, Wagner's part in the political conspiracy in Saxony, and his consequent exile, the glorious victories of his operas in the Bavarian capital, and the present recognition of his greatness in Paris, are significant epochs in the struggle. In all this Bülow's success is identified with Wagner's; but in estimating Bülow's life-work, he is seen to be greatest not in his own musical performances, but in what he impressed upon that performance. In him Emerson's saying, "Somewhat resides in the men whose fame has come down to us that begot an expectation that outran all their performance," is most strongly exemplified. Neither Bülow's piano-playing nor his conducting accounts for the enormous influence that he exercised upon the musical life of his generation. His influence on music was the work less of his musical endowment than of his personality; "that reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means," was emphatically his. And behind that force lay his simplicity of aim and his sincerity of conviction. He was first and foremost a teacher. To teach he travelled as concert pianist, and gave recitals in all the principal cities of Europe. His programmes were carefully planned to propagate his ideas. To a collector these programmes would be treasures of art; every worthy master, known or unknown to the musical world, was represented. What the painter gains from the exhibit of academy and salon the composer obtains from the concert programme of his popular artist. The popularity which more than one modern composer now enjoys is directly traceable to Bülow's introduction of his works. This presentation to the public of new music Bülow persistently made for music's sake. He shared with Liszt the habit and principle of working continuously for what he recognised as good.

As pianist, conductor, and writer, Bülow taught and trained his public; but among his many personal pupils, although his lessons were careful, minute, and painstaking in the extreme, not one has achieved undoubted pre-eminence; while Liszt, who inspired, attracted, encouraged, and never taught, really formed the pianists of the world. Creative genius is a fire that kindles and sustains kindred genius, and such genius Bülow had not; yet his relations with his pupils are a pleasant theme, in sharp contrast to his haughtiness among people of high social rank, and to his short memory of favours received from such noble sources. I like to remember how, in the midst of a brilliant concert in a famous capital, he recalled the name of an old bassoon player in the orchestra, the father of a former pupil; how he hunted the old man up, and sat by him the whole evening in the intervals of the performance, saying kindly things about the son.

But, although Bülow formed no one pre-eminent pianist, he succeeded in impressing his standard of musicianship upon the



whole musical life of Germany, and that standard was exacting. One of his pupils once requested of him an opportunity to play in concert. Bülow looked non-committal, and made no reply. Six months later the applicant, who had meanwhile given up hope of appearing in public, and had been teaching diligently in a conservatory, received a note announcing that, through Bülow's recommendation, he was invited to play exactly five days later in one of the oldest German university towns. Appalled at the prospect, the young man hurried to his patron to explain. "Not ready!" exclaimed Bülow, looking through him as if he did not exist, and then, turning scornfully on his heel, "An artist is always ready." Stung by his contempt, the youth undertook the concert, slept not during three nights and days of preparation, was successful, and, hastening to return thanks, found that Bülow had already possessed himself of full information, and was humming and playing snatches of the programme in high good humour.

Another pupil, on whom he sprang a similar surprise, did not fare so well. Bülow had promised to bring out a concerto (Op. 30) which Friedrich Kiel, his enthusiastic admirer, had dedicated to him. The annual meeting of the Ton-Künstler Verein, to be held at Carlsruhe, furnished the opportunity. Although Kiel belonged to a most conservative classical school, and Bülow was immersed heart and soul in the "music of the future," the latter threw himself into the study of his friend's composition with such ardour that when, after the manuscript had been in his possession five days, Kiel called, by invitation, to look over the *tempi* and *nuancen*. Bülow played the whole from memory, and turned over the manuscript to the composer, so that he could accompany him on the second piano. The domestic sorrow which resulted in the breaking up of his home immediately followed. Beside himself from the shock, Bülow was confined to his room by his physician's orders; but in his agony he did not forget Kiel, though playing was now impossible for him. As soon as he could command himself he wrote to one of his most efficient pupils, offered the young man a cheque for one hundred thalers for his travelling expenses, and begged him to undertake the concerto. There were now only four days before the concert; the pupil could not prepare Kiel's work in time, and it was omitted from the programme. Bülow never forgave the unfortunate pianist, and would have nothing more to do with him.

I have before me a letter of Bülow's, written to a pupil who had disappointed him, which gives a curious insight into his work as a teacher. After complaining that out of every eighteen lessons he loses six, that he cannot compose on lesson days, he adds: "It is not preference for teaching that makes me rob myself of my time; I have talents which suffer greatly from my choice of this profession, and time is very short, especially for an artist who wishes to accomplish anything out of the ordinary. I cannot persuade myself to resign this ambition, though I am obliged to curtail it greatly by using my time for other matters. I have, therefore, divided my hours in such a way that some days are taken up entirely in giving lessons, others exclusively in private work. Except when small concert tours have interfered, I have always considered myself bound to keep my appointments with my pupils. You, whose capital is the use you make of your time, will understand the justice of my resolution. I am not going to be absurd, and blame you for the lessons you have missed, but I must make other arrangements in future." Here we have the man—scrupulous, industrious, ambitious, and kindly, but devoid of the careless spontaneity of the creative musician. Mendelssohn could beguile a sleepless night by writing a hunting-song; Schubert scrawled his immortal serenade on a wine-house table; Mozart paid a butcher's bill with a waltz; but Bülow could not collect his thoughts to compose on lesson days.

Bülow had no mercy on himself; he would rob himself of sleep for weeks to do a bit of writing or editing. The story of the tumbler of cold water that Buffon ordered his valet to throw in his face to spoil his morning nap is literally true of Bülow. Under such hydropathic inspiration he actually finished his *Fantasie* (Op. 17) on the "Ballo in Maschera."

It is usual to say that Bülow could not compose, but this is true only so far that his talent for composition was of less importance than his personality. His "Sänger's Fluch" is musical, interesting, and beautiful, but devoid of emotion. The same is true of his "Nirvana." Musicians enjoy Bülow's compositions in exact proportion to their musical learning. The same must be said of his piano playing. His interpretation was always interesting and polished, accurate even to the smallest details, but there was no spontaneity in it. Schumann he disliked because he could not command the necessary technic to play him, and he could play neither Chopin nor Liszt, because he lacked the fancy required for the one and the abandon necessary to interpret the other. The difference between Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasia, under the fingers of Tausig, or even of D'Albert, and under those of Bülow, discovers the fatal defect in the latter. At the piano Bülow was never free. His fame as a pianist must rest on his playing of Beethoven, especially Op. 106 and Op. 111. Here his resources are exclusively intellectual—discrimination, contrast, construction, and climax. Bülow's mental organization was inflexible. He has been described as a cross between a Bismarck and a Schopenhauer. He was rigid in mind and body. The feline suppleness of muscle characteristic of the born pianist was not his. His technic was obtained and kept up at great physical expense. His well-known saying that if he lost one day's practice he felt it himself, but if he lost three the public knew it, is a confession of the burden he carried. Contrast the career of Paganini, who, during the great concert tour in which he carried the world by storm, never practised a note. He had his skill by nature. Bülow, on the contrary, acquired his virtuosity painfully and late, and in consequence lost it early. To the bodily fatigue and nervous wear occasioned by incessant piano practice must be attributed a great part of his irritability, and ultimately his untimely death. He always said that he began to study two years too late, *i.e.*, at eight years of age instead of six. As he had sufficient execution at fourteen to play Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor before Frederick Wieck, the father and teacher of Clara Schumann, the statement marks the difference between amateur and professional requirements.

The lack of spontaneity in Bülow's piano playing was in astonishing contrast to the fire, dash, and freedom of his conducting. The orchestra was, in fact, his natural instrument, and this explains his passionate devotion to the new school of composition, which had the development of orchestral music as its vital factor. His mental equipment for a conductor was complete. The ear and memory of musical genius were Bülow's in a most astonishing degree. His phenomenal memory had, in fact, no boundary line.

I have referred to Bülow's astonishing feat of memorizing Kiel's concerto, which the man who wrote it could not accompany without notes. His accuracy was almost infallible. He was once rehearsing a composition of Liszt's for orchestra, in that composer's presence, without notes. Liszt interrupted to say that a certain note should have been played *piano*. "No," replied Bülow; "it is *sforzando*." "Look and see," persisted the composer. The score was produced. Bülow was right. How everybody did applaud! In the excitement one of the brass-wind players lost his place. "Look for a B flat in your part," said Bülow, still without his notes. "Five measures farther on I wish to begin."

I once called on Bülow, by appointment, at a certain hour. As I waited outside the door, watch in hand, for the precise moment agreed on (it was one of his peculiarities to resent violently any deviation from his hours; to be a moment too early was just as heinous an offence as to be a moment too late), I heard him reading Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia" at the piano, so slowly conning each note that I knew he was committing it to memory. "There," said he, when I entered, "it's done. I am going to play it in a concert to-night, and I've learnt it by heart since dinner. I do not like to be so hurried, but I had no time, and I am determined to make them hear Bach, whether they like it or not. Do you know how to be perfectly sure of your piece in public? Play it over with each hand separately three times the day before the

concert, and do not play it at all the day you perform. Then you are certain not to forget the notes."

Long before middle life he knew by heart even the smallest details of the classical works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti, Bach, Handel, and those of the modern school, such as Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Jensen, Raff, Liszt, and Wagner. Not only were their piano compositions on his finger-tips, but still more surprising were his feats of musical memory as an orchestra and opera conductor. The Hanover, Meininger, and, above all, the Munich Opera House, furnish a list of the most incredible achievements of his skill as a leader of the operatic stage. Will there ever again be an orchestra trained to play the Beethoven symphonies without notes, as the Meininger Orchestra played them under Bülow's baton?

Here, too, the instinct of the teacher shone pre-eminent. He founded the Symphonic Concerts in Berlin to offset the Philharmonic Concerts of Taubert. This successfully accomplished, he wrote to a friend: "As I do not like to see my work go to pieces, I am happy that Hans von Bronsart will be my successor in Berlin. I go with pleasure to Munich, where I am sure to find a more congenial atmosphere." The "atmosphere" was operatic. All Wagner's operas, regardless of cost, were put on the stage by order of King Louis, under the direct inspiration of the composer, and the leadership of Bülow.

Bülow's fame as an interpretative musician may safely rest upon his conducting of the works of Wagner and Beethoven. The incomparable production of *Tristan und Isolde* in Munich in 1865, of the *Meistersinger* in 1868, his training, in 1880, of the hitherto unknown Meininger Orchestra, with which he "concerted" all over Germany and Holland, and finally, the Philharmonic Concerts in Berlin and Hamburg, are immortal in the annals of the conductor's baton.

Bülow's own shortcomings as composer and pianist did not make him blind to the abilities of others; but he demanded artistic sincerity. Pot-boilers were his abhorrence. "I do not see how Jaell can play the same piece an hour every morning, year after year," he exclaimed indignantly, as he kicked the music under the piano after reading (by request) one of this popular artist's paraphrases. He was just as ready to extol as to condemn. One day a foreigner, young and unknown, entered Bülow's music-room as he sat talking over business matters with Wagner. The stranger presented a letter of introduction, to which the artist paid little attention, and sat down patiently to wait. Wagner continued to talk, and, to escape hearing a conversation not meant for his ear, the visitor approached the piano. The score of *Rheingold* stood open on the rack. Before he realized it he became absorbed in the music, began to play it at first *sotto voce*, and soon, abandoned to its charm, with a most superb mastery. Wagner, on the point of taking leave, turned back and stood motionless to listen; the splendid genius of the player became more and more evident, and, unable to restrain themselves, Bülow and Wagner rushed to embrace the unknown musician. It was Camille Saint-Saëns.

Bülow had barely received his appointment as court pianist to Ludwig I. of Bavaria when the blow fell which ruined his life. Before him stood two alternatives: should he sacrifice his artistic or his human feelings? To adhere to Wagner, who had broken up his home, and to the movement to which he was enthusiastically pledged, meant to stamp out every emotion of resentment that is keenest in man. Bülow, with incredible self-abnegation, resolved that the progress of music, to which he had devoted his life, should not suffer in his quarrel. He continued to support the career of the rising genius, and never flinched from his resolution to force Wagner's success onward until that success was absolute. None the less the inner struggle destroyed him. His health never recovered. His fickleness to friends and benefactors became proverbial. His irritability developed almost into mania. The natural sweetness and loyalty of his nature were turned to bitterness. The cruelty of his epigram set his path with enemies. But his work for music went forward unceasingly, and it is impossible to over-estimate what his self-sacrifice has done for it.

In the early days of the Wagner struggle Bülow threw the whole weight of his personality into the scale. Musicians and Press eyed the Wagnerian innovations askance, and even Bülow's own orchestra, which found its technic inadequate to the new demands, privately declared the Wagnerian effects to be humbug. Bülow nursed his wrath as if it had been a personal affront, and one day at a rehearsal of the *Meistersinger* he stopped the orchestra just before a peculiarly treacherous passage, laid down his baton, and said sarcastically to the delinquent horn-blowers, "Look out, gentlemen; there's 'humbug' ahead."

Bülow's part in accomplishing Wagner's triumph has prevented recognition of the breadth of his own views, and of his ultimate freedom from party bias. Brahms is as conservative as Wagner is revolutionary, yet it was Bülow who brought Brahms to the front, and trumpeted his fame in notes of the most lavish praise and admiration. He was just as untiring in his efforts to forward the fortunes of Raff, whose dangerous gift of melody fairly betrayed him into many a *salon-stück*. Bülow even played Raff's concerto, which is brimful of light melody. When Jensen could not obtain a hearing, Bülow put his music on his recital programmes, wrote an exquisite critique on his genius, and thereby produced for his favourite a host of admirers. He was always in the opposition. When one battle had been successfully fought, he turned to find a new fray. When the tide of popular fancy turned against Mendelssohn, Bülow hastened to play and edit his compositions. His editions of the "Capriccio" (Op. 5), and of the "Rondo" (Op. 14), are the most exquisite extant. He always found time to write a friendly preface to a meritorious work, and no paragraph ever emanated from his pen that was not thoughtful and suggestive. He concerned himself about the little canons of Kunz, the forgotten beauties of Scarlatti and Gluck, and the noble literature of Beethoven. His name was the "open sesame" to popular approval, and it was never refused to anything which he believed to be of value to music.

Bülow loved culture passionately. There is an authentic story of his making a day's journey to Stockholm with a well-known savant, and discussing with him every current topic of politics, literature, science, and art, except music. In the evening the traveller was astonished to find his delightful companion on the platform giving a piano recital.

When he made a concert tour, he provided himself with the history of the countries he traversed. He went through Italy one entire season with a history of Rome under his arm. Undoubtedly the author who had the greatest influence on him was Schopenhauer. To the day of his death he could repeat pages of his books by heart; when he was in the university he used to sleep with his favourite volume under his pillow. Once a fellow-student came in, and playfully threw the book across the room, to Bülow's intense anger. Schopenhauer is a poor consolation to a man of sorrows, and his influence was no help to Bülow's inner life and feeling. Under his tuition his scholar became a confirmed pessimist. His emotional pessimism, his refractory nervous organization, his quick and vivid musical intelligence, and his wide and varied culture, all worked together in everything he did, and no estimate of his influence upon the music of to-day is just which does not find each of these elements vital in it.

The pathetic part of music is its loneliness. Bülow could recognise the genius of Saint-Saëns because he was great himself. But he learned early that from his public he could expect no similar recognition. He had not the genial art of emotional, musical speech which is nature's universal language. He grew to hate the laity, which would rather feel than reason about what it listens to. As he became older, more cold, more intellectual, and more unhappy, his temper towards his hearers grew worse and worse. "If you will alter the stage as I propose," he said to Wagner, in my hearing, "we shall lose only a couple of rows of hogs from the auditorium."

Social rank did not count in his estimate of values. He broke up an audience of titled personages assembled to enjoy one of his rehearsals by causing the bassoon players to perform their parts



alone until the listeners all left in disgust. "Now," said he cheerfully, when the last of his noble hearers had departed, "we'll go to work." He kicked the name-board of a certain piano off the stage because it degraded the artist into an advertisement. In the presence of an enthusiastic audience he once noticed two laurel wreaths on the piano. He picked them up, looked at them, and then kicked them under the instrument. He did this because he resented the idea that musicians should be treated differently from other men. He wished music to be a manly calling. He would not have it degraded into a matter of patronage. "Go, take that laurel wreath to Herr Franz Lachner [his predecessor in Munich], who is on the pension list," he exclaimed to an usher. "I am not superannuated."

Like Liszt, Bülow realized with shame that music was an art the exponents of which were the pets and playthings of noble patrons. Like Liszt, he asserted the right to live on equal terms with people of culture—as a private gentleman. To build music up into the rank and standing of an independent profession was the dream and struggle of Bülow's life. Every musician who values his own manhood owes to him an opportunity of self-respect heretofore unheard of.

His naiveté was equal to his insolence. The *haute société* of Berlin was gathered to examine a phonograph. There were cylinders of sentiments from the Emperor and various noble personages, and Bülow was asked to play into the instrument. When he came to hear his own performance repeated through the tube, his amazement and horror were boundless. "That machine isn't worth anything," he exclaimed. "It isn't true; I never played like that, never!"

I have said that there was a lack of feline character in Bülow's physique. He was, however, very feline in his nature. When he saw a friend whom he liked in the street, he would run toward him, embrace him, and kiss him on both cheeks. Within ten minutes his manner would change, and he would say something so bitter, so personal, so wounding, that the victim would never forget its sting. Months or years after the same man would perhaps receive, unexpected and unasked, some practical advancement in his fortune that could be traced directly to Bülow's helpful hand. Bülow's love of helpfulness and his passion for sarcasm were continually at war. He not only worked with voice and pen for musicians whose talent constituted their only claim on him, and whom he insulted between whiles, but the proceeds of his concerts were freely spent on artistic interests. One whole tour was made to increase the capital to bring out Wagner's operas. Musicians' widows, music societies, monuments, and publishing schemes all profited by his generosity. And yet at the end of a century of bitterness, hatred, and rancour, unparalleled in the history of art, this "gospel of music," as its cult fondly called the doctrines which they advocated, is, after all, not a final and conclusive revelation of the laws of beauty. It is but one wave of musical development. In the great ocean of music nothing is lost. The Wagner cult, which has beaten with such fury upon the shore of art, which proclaimed it to be its mission to efface everything old and time-worn, has effaced nothing, and a new generation will witness a new development peculiar to itself; but into the broad current of the world's musical life the passionate, forceful nature of Bülow has passed, and there it will be more and more felt for good.

## The Month's Obituary.

WE regret to learn of the death, after a long illness, of MR. LEWIS THOMAS, the well-known bass singer. Born at Bath in 1826, of Welsh descent, he studied singing under Bianchi Taylor, and at the early age of twenty-four became a lay clerk in Worcester Cathedral. Four years later he came to London, making his *début*, with Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves as his old colleagues, at a Christmas performance of the *Messiah* under John Hullah, at the old St. Martin's Hall. Young Thomas' voice—a true basso, rich, and powerfully resonant—at once attracted attention, and after a temporary attempt at opera, where, however, he was easily beaten by Weiss, he became for nearly thirty years one of our leading oratorio singers. He used to say that in ten years he sang the bass music in the *Messiah* over four hundred times, and during two years, in the week following Christmas, he sang it eight times in each week—that is to say, at six evening concerts and two matinées. After this sort of experience there is little wonder that he confessed himself tired of asking "Why, do the nations so furiously rage together?" Mr. Thomas partly lost his voice through sleeping in a newly painted room in a provincial hotel; but it was only on a comparatively recent date that he retired on a pension, after thirty-eight years' service, from the choir of the Temple Church and from the position of Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. He was a capital writer on musical subjects, was one of the critics of the defunct *Musical World*, was for some years the editor of *The*

*Lute*, and was down to the time of his death one of the reviewers of music for the *Daily Telegraph*. His son, Mr. W. Henry Thomas, is a professor at the Guildhall School of Music, for the post of Principal of which establishment he came out second to Mr. Cummings.

JENNY HILL, long known by the sobriquet of "The Vital Spark," is dead. She had not been seen at the London halls for four or five years past, but at one time her popularity was quite phenomenal. She has been known to draw as much as £120 a week, and often over £100 at big provincial establishments where she was engaged on "share" terms; and it is understood that for pantomime, where she was seen at her best, her terms were £80 a week and a clear benefit. Jenny, for all that, had very humble beginnings. She got her first engagement, in the early sixties, at the old Pavilion, when she was nearly starving.

CARLOS GOMEZ, a composer of Brazilian origin, whose opera, *Il Guarany*, attracted much notice in 1870, died recently at Pará, in Brazil. He was born in Brazil in 1839, but received his chief musical training in Italy. The *Guarany* was a work of much promise, which none of the author's subsequent compositions ever fulfilled, probably because soon after the production of this opera his health began to fail, though not sufficiently to prevent his working, but yet, perhaps, enough to check his inspiration.



## Our Contemporaries.



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ACCORDING to a letter in the *Isle of Wight Observer*, there is an old gentleman still living who remarks to his friends: "If I want a thoroughly reliable opinion on the subject of music, I always get a copy of the *Musical Times* and read it all the other way round, and then I know I am right." Quoting this, Mr. Joseph Bennett remarks: "Poor old gentleman! He must be very old indeed." It all depends. For my part—and I am not an old gentleman—I think that a good many of Mr. Bennett's opinions will bear turning right round about in order that one may get at the truth. But to our proper business. Perhaps the most interesting article in the *Musical Times* is that dealing with the history of "Auld Lang Syne." The authorship of the tune has been frequently discussed, but too often from a patriotic rather than from an unbiased point of view; Scotsmen to a man claiming it as purely Scottish, and Tynesiders as obstinately contending that Shield was its composer. The earliest likeness to the melody occurs in Playford's *Apollo's Banquet*, under the title, "Duke of Buccleugh's Tune"; but the resemblance by no means justifies the plea that it is the original of the air. There seems, indeed, to be no clearly identified original, and even the *Times*' writer gets no farther than tracing a likeness in a strathspey tune called "The Miller's Wedding," which is found in several early collections of Scottish melody. With regard to the words of "Auld Lang Syne," Burns sent them to George Thomson, who was issuing a collection of Scottish songs, with the statement that they had never been in print or manuscript, and that he had taken them down from the singing of an old man. The question of Burns' authorship has not been, probably never will be, definitely settled. Whatever share he had in the writing of the words, he intended them to be used with the old tune, and it was not until after his death we find the song and the air we now know united.

A writer in the *Musical Record* declaims against the growing habit of playing the masterworks much louder than the composers ever intended them to be played. We are enlarging our orchestras every day, every day seeking to do things on an ever larger scale. The Royal Choral Society's conductor could not deny that Handel did perform his *Messiah* with a chorus and orchestra of about fifty, all told, the orchestra outnumbering the chorus, and now it is done regularly at the Albert Hall with a chorus and orchestra of upwards of a thousand. Mozart probably intended his symphonies for a band of from twenty to twenty-five; Haydn certainly had no more; it is even a question whether Beethoven had; and now we play them all with huge orchestras of from eighty to a hundred members. We don't know for what sized band Gluck wrote, but it cannot have exceeded Mozart's or Haydn's; and not so very long since Mottl played his *Iphigenia* overture with an orchestra of one hundred—or rather, to be strictly just, not quite one hundred, for several of the players were for modern instruments, which, of course, were not used. Bach, so far as we remember, had at most two dozen voices for his church cantatas, and the Bach Choir does them with two hundred.

It is the same with the masterworks for the piano and the solo voice. The grand piano on which Beethoven composed would be shattered by the first tremendous blow dealt it by a Paderewski or a Rosenthal, while Mozart would not recognise one of Messrs. Broadwood's, or Erard's, or Steinway's grands (to name three great makers) for a piano at all. Nor would he recognise the bellowing of some popular baritones as singing, nor be willing to claim as his own many songs from his operas as screamed by popular high C sopranos of the day. In fact, we are going after higher and ever higher intensity of sound, just as we are going after higher and ever higher intensity of artificial light. The

torch gave way to the candle, the candle and the rush yielded to the better type of patent candle, the patent candle yielded, or has all but yielded, to lamps and gas, the primitive gas-burner is being ousted by "incandescent mantle" lamps and by electric lighting. Electric lamps are being made brighter and ever brighter, until at last our homes and halls by night will be more brilliant than the open fields on a summer day. The only fault in the comparison is that in music there is no life-giving sun, no fixed standard, with which to compare the huge orchestras of Wagner and Berlioz, and the stupendous pianos with their total tension of Heaven knows how many tons, and the vocal organs of our Henschels and Tamagnos with their goodness knows how many horse-power. Hence, while scientists may, and probably at some time will, declare with a considerable show of reason that light greatly in excess of the sun's light must prove detrimental to the sight, no one can say that so much sound is damaging to our ears, or will venture to say so much until a number of concert-goers have been treated in hospital for the complaint of the future, which will presumably be called Concertitis. The *Record* begins a series of what are likely to be valuable articles by Dr. Carl Reinecke on Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas. But what on earth has Carlyle's Petition of 1839 on the Copyright Bill, which the *Record* reprints, what on earth has it to do with music? And is it not a trifle grotesque to say, as one contemporary says, that with Sir A. C. Mackenzie and Dr. Parry and Mr. Cummings at the head of three leading institutions, "English music and musical culture will safely hold its ground and probably make great advances." These be thy gods, O *Record*!

The *Musical Herald's* biography is devoted to Dr. Joseph Smith, a leading Dublin musician. Dr. Smith is a Roman Catholic organist, but he does not believe in excluding women from his choir. He says that one of the worst things Cardinal Manning did was to turn the sex out of the choirs in his English dioceses. Such a thing has never been attempted in Ireland, so that home rule obtains in at least one small matter. Dr. Smith declares that the style of Roman Catholic Church music is bad; but in endeavouring to reform it, the Cecilians go to the extreme of severity. Palestrina, as an exclusive diet, does not appeal to the average hearer, and he is most difficult to render properly. In his music the tenor is high and the alto low. It must be sung unaccompanied, and Dr. Smith has never heard it given without considerable loss of pitch. Dr. Smith thinks that Mendelssohn was the most finished artist that ever lived—that is, he was the best workman, with the finest knowledge of his craft. He says: "I don't like his piano music—that, to me, represents him at his worst—but what a master he was of choral and orchestral combination! I read outcries against him from time to time and complaints that he has influenced composers too much. My only regret is that he has not influenced them more. I am still on the look out for some one who will give us an *Elijah*." Speaking of English composers, Dr. Smith fancies that the personality of Dr. Hubert Parry has much to do with the popularity of his music in England. In Ireland his works are scarcely known. Professor Stanford, in proportion as he will let himself go and forget Brahms, will make way. But the besetting fault of British composers is to write on a model. Among the *Herald's* illustrations are a portrait of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and a facsimile reproduction of the autograph of Mendelssohn's air, "Lord God of Abraham," from *Elijah*.

It would be very interesting to have particulars of the various orchestral instruments which are still in use in out-of-the-way country churches. Mr. Davey, in his *History of English Music*, says that as late as 1885 he visited an East Sussex church where



no instrument was visible except a flute; and he adds that there is even now a Dorsetshire church where a clarionettist has played for more than fifty years. A writer in *Musical Opinion*, who has been looking into the history of that weird instrument known as the serpent, is anxious to know whether this precursor of the ophicleide in the orchestra is still to be heard in any church in the country. It certainly once had its place in the church, and it is still used in the Roman Catholic chapels in some of the obscurer and poorer villages of France to assist in place of an organ. The serpent was the natural bass of the old cornet family, and its name is characteristic of the sinuosity of its form. It was originally made of thin wood from the nut tree, covered with leather, and its first curve was usually strengthened by having the sinews of an ox glued around it! It is said to have been invented by a French priest at Auxerre in 1590. Mersenne, in his account of it (1648), says that even when played by a boy it was sufficient to support the voices of twenty robust monks. When played by a man, it doubtless sufficed for at least forty fat friars! Berlioz rather sneers at the pretensions of the serpent to be considered a musical instrument at all. He says that its tone is so barbarous that it is suited rather to the sanguinary rites of Druidical than Christian worship. He thinks, however, that it would be appropriate enough in masses for the dead, in doubling the terrible plain chant of the "Dies Irae," since its tone "seems to invest with a kind of lugubrious poetry those words expressive of all the horrors of death and the vengeance of a jealous God." Most people have heard the amusing anecdote told of Handel's first acquaintance with the instrument. He was directing the rehearsal of an orchestra, when his attention was called to the serpent by the coarse and powerful tone issuing therefrom. "Vat de diffel be dat?" he enquired. When he was informed that the sound was the voice of the serpent, he remarked, "Ach! but dis was not de serpent which did beguile Eve." From all this, it is evident that, as the devil of old was called the serpent, so may the musical serpent, by reason of its tone, be called the devil among musical instruments. And yet you will find it in the scores of Mendelssohn and Verdi! But the point is, Can we still find it in use anywhere in England?

In the *Nonconformist Musical Journal* there is another defence of poor Mendelssohn, who would indeed seem to have fallen upon evil days. "Weak and exquisite" are the terms we hear from the depreciators, who contrast the composer of *Elijah* with the Titanic muscularity of Beethoven; just as literary critics gibe at Tennyson and find praise for none but the robust Browning. The depreciators, as the *Journal* writer points out, forget that Mendelssohn died young. Born in the same year as Mr. Gladstone, he had done his work and taken his wages before Gladstone had ceased to be "the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories." Thirty-eight years of happy existence, and the blind Fury with the abhorred shears slit his thin-spun life. His life was the life of a happy, growing child, expanding in vigour and joyousness, untouched by the chill hand of penury, the blighting frost of disillusion, the withering breath of despair. What wonder then that his work is buoyant, instinct with health, joy, fun, faith, hope, love! What he has left endears him to us. This world is not so perfectly cheerful a place that we can afford to neglect or despise a happy soul when we see it. Our contemporary prints Dr. Turpin's notes on the competitions at the recent festival of the Nonconformist Choir Union. Did Dr. Turpin ever write anything without bringing in that darling phrase of his, "the point of sight"? When he was editor of *The Musical Standard* you might count on "the point of sight" every week. What quarrel has the doctor with "the point of view"?

*The Lute's* portrait and biography bring Herr Willy Burmester before us. The biography is, however, mainly a castigation of Joseph Bennett, who seems to be beloved by very few of his critical colleagues. Joseph, it may be remembered, came down upon Burmester for playing Paganini at his first concert. "He did not," said he of the *D.T.*, "compliment English musical taste

when he elected to recommend himself by playing selections from Paganini." We differ, replies *The Lute*, and the public at large differs, from this dictum. Possibly Burmester did not compliment the musical taste of the *Telegraph's* critic. That we can readily understand; but a journal with which Mr. Joseph Bennett is generally associated as musical critic, has no business to speak in the name of "English musical taste." Continuing, the *D.T.* said: "The choice undoubtedly served his purpose, enabling him to win in a most easy way the applause of the crowd." The italics are our own. The quotation merits attention, because it is, perhaps, the most amazing nonsense ever penned. It is much as though one were to describe a Senior Wranglership as "a most easy way" of securing applause among those interested in mathematical proficiency. If the highest applications of admitted methods—whether in fiddling or in mathematics—be most easy or even easy, then, the present writer is a Hebrew Jew. The *D.T.*, in the same article, after stating that the Adagio from Spohr's 7th Concerto was "beautifully played," disclaimed "for the performer that his achievement had merit specially rare. Others—Lady Hallé, for example—could play it quite as well." Perhaps. We have frequently heard Lady Hallé play at the Monday Popular Concerts comparatively simple movements—such as Spohr's popular Barcarolle in G, which, as a lad at Eton, we ourselves used to murder with some success—and she always showed great delicacy and finish. But it was surely silly to drag her in, like King Charles's head, by way of comparison with Burmester. If, for Lady Hallé's, the name of Joachim had been substituted, the reference would have been more intelligible, if clumsy, as directed at a new-comer on his first appearance. Perhaps, after all, the *D.T.'s* scribe on this momentous occasion was our old friend Mr. Joseph Bennett, the lover of the respectably established, the hater of novelty, the wistful reactionary, and the erudite critic who "did not compliment English musical taste" during the many years in which he sought with pathetic futility to decry Wagner! Bravo! my friend, that is altogether excellent. *The Lute*, I may just add, considers that the best musical criticism is to be read in *The Morning Post*. From an academic point of view *The Times* is also "most able and sound." After this Mr. Fuller Maitland must really subscribe to *The Lute*.

*The Gazette* of the Orchestral Association has a catechism for the architect of the new theatre in the Haymarket. Here it is:—

Will there be a band-room? If so, will it measure less than ten feet by five?

Will it be in the basement, so that the damp atmosphere causes the fiddles to fall to pieces?

Will it be next door to the workmen's lavatories?

Will the drain pipes run through it?

Will the doors leading into the orchestra be wide enough to get a double-bass through, or high enough to obviate the necessity of leaving the orchestra backwards?

Will egress to the street from the orchestra be up so many flights of narrow steps that, in the event of fire, the players will be the last department of the company to get out of the building?

Mr. Walter Wood has an interesting article in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* on "The Romance of Regimental Marches," a subject which makes a very entertaining chapter in military folklore.

Every one who has seen a march past after a big review knows that the massed or regimental bands strike up different tunes as the regiments in succession approach the saluting point. To play the Grenadier Guards past to the tune peculiar to the Royal Marines, or *vice versa*, would be a monstrous and unpardonable anachronism in the eyes of a military man, for each regiment takes a pride in its own particular march. And this is natural when we learn how closely most of these marches are connected

with the history of the regiment. There is the West Yorkshire, formerly known as the "Old Fighting Fourteenth," which claims "Ça Ira" as their quickstep. For on May 23, 1793, the 14th formed a part of the Allied Forces storming the French camp at Famars, and the work was so hot that the British were giving way, whilst the French bands were playing the revolutionary "Ça Ira" to stimulate the defenders. At a critical moment the colonel of the 14th dashed to the front, ordered the band to strike up the same tune as the French, and shouted to his men, "Come on, lads, and we'll beat them to their own damned tune!" And so they did, and from that day the regiment has stuck to the air which is so closely associated with the bloody scenes of the French Revolution. The familiar "British Grenadiers" is the regimental march, not only of the Grenadiers, but also of all the Fusiliers, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers. The 2nd Lincolnshire go past to the tune of "The Lincolnshire Poacher," the

words to which the music has been set being common to more than one county, with the well-known refrain—

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night,  
In the season of the year!

The men of the Border Regiment glory in the strains of the old Cumberland hunting song, "Do ye ken John Peel?" "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" is the marching tune of the Cameron Highlanders:—

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu  
Pibroch of Donuil.

The 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders swing by to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming," the Sherwood Foresters to "The Young May Moon," and the Connaught Rangers to the rattling air of "St. Patrick's Day." For the cavalry, "Bonnie Dundee," which is the cantering tune of the 15th Hussars, makes an admirable accompaniment to the beat of the hoofs and the jingle of the accoutrements.

## Accidentals.

**M**R. LIONEL MAPLESON says that the very windows rattle as Tamagno dwells upon the high C of his voice. This note is the pinnacle of an Italian tenor's ambition, and some idea of the difficulty of producing a pure chest note of such altitude may be gathered from the fact that Rubini once actually broke his collar-bone in the attempt.

The following answers to elementary questions in music were given at a recent school examination:—

V. S.—Violin solo, or very slowly.

M. G.—More gently.

D. C.—De crescendo.

M. S.—Mezzo soprano.

Loco.—With fire (from *locomotive*).

The now familiar term "recital" was used for the first time in 1840, in announcing Liszt's pianoforte performances at the old Hanover Square Rooms.

At a recent sale of old violins, one, by J. B. Guadagnini, with gold-mounted bow, fetched £160; another, by Antonius Stradivarius, three-quarter size, £81; and a violoncello by Januarius Gagliano, 1757, £80.

An amusing story is told of how the late Shah fell asleep when he should have been the chief guest at a reception. In Persia they believe that an awakened person suffers grievous injury. What was to be done? A band was despatched to the Shah's resting-place, with special instructions to the big drum. The result was successful.

An American, bearing the appropriate name of Strong, has invented a machine to develop and strengthen the hands of musicians by a scientific method. The machine weighs only six ounces, and can be carried in the pocket.

The Dean of Ely (Dr. Stubbs) arranged a musical novelty in the shape of a moonlight organ and violin recital for the celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Norwich Cathedral. The performance began at 9 p.m.

The musical critic of *The Sun* says he is going to buy a gun to shoot "silly Wagnerians who write silly letters to the public press." We hope the silly Wagnerians will return the compliment and shoot silly critics.

A couple of short Beethoven manuscripts sold recently in London for £40.

There is a cricket club in connection with the Royal College of Music. Is the handling of the bat good for the hands of players?

Accounts which have reached us of the performance of Mr. W. S. Hinchliff's cantata, *The Brother Knights*, by the Kennington Orchestral Society, speak most favourably of the music and the libretto. The composer is principal oboe at Daly's Theatre.

A violin teacher writes to a contemporary to complain that several of his lady pupils are slipping their lessons in order to go out cycling. They send notes saying they have "important engagements." The same teacher declares that one of his pupils has, by more or less shallow excuses, managed to make two terms' lessons spin out over a term of two years. The good man should teach his students to keep better time!

It is said that Madame Schumann has left some manuscript memoirs, with interesting notes on the many illustrious persons whom she met in the course of her long career. It is to be hoped they will soon see the light.

After an interval of two thousand years or more, classical music is about to undergo a revival at Athens—with a difference. Instead of the auletes and the citharædes, violinists, cellists, oboists, and trumpeters will make music from the Piræus to the Parthenon. There is to be a permanent orchestra of a hundred players.

The rumour that Koczalski was a girl masquerading as a boy turns out to be unfounded. The child's certificate of birth has been published, thus settling the matter at rest.

The proposed performances of Rubinstein's *Christus* at Berlin are abandoned—it is said owing to the refusal of the authorities to allow the presentation of the chief character on the stage in dramatic form.

A curious concert was given recently at the Brussels Conservatoire. The pieces performed consisted of various fragments of ancient Greek and Roman music, accompanied, when necessary, by instruments made after the pattern of those found at Pompeii and elsewhere. In order to give "local colour" to the performances, the artists wore Greek and Roman costumes.

Joachim has been presented by the German Emperor with a bronze bust of his Imperial Majesty. Let us hope the violinist is now happy.

Dr. "Westminster" Bridge has been appointed conductor of the Royal Choral Society in succession to Sir Joseph Barnby. The appointment is somewhat of the nature of a surprise. Dr. Bridge has had next to no experience as a conductor of large choral forces; but perhaps he may succeed in his character of "funny man."

Anton Bruckner, the Viennese composer, has been reported ill, but it seems he is able to put the finishing touches to his ninth symphony. Bruckner is extraordinary in his dedications; and it is said that this symphony will be inscribed to God. The *Musical Standard* irreverently declares that God is probably the only being who will have patience to listen to it!

The authorities of the Cardiff Festival have chosen Mr. F. H. Cowen to succeed the late Sir Joseph Barnby as conductor. Mr.



Cowen has been in luck lately. He says, by the way, that the difference between a good and a bad conductor is that one has the score in his head and the other his head in the score.

A newspaper reporter, speaking of the music in a certain London church, says that "water pipes have been supplied for the organ." That instrument should go to a hydropathic.

Sir Edward Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Post*, will preside at the opening meeting of the National Tonic Sol-fa Convention, which will be held at Liverpool from September 24 to 26.

That terrible word "rendition" does not so often appear in musical criticisms as it once did. But we are now threatened with a successor even more frightful: one critic has coined "rendency."

A clergyman writes to the *Church Times* declaring that the principal scene in Wagner's *Walküre* is "the most infamous ever put upon any stage in heathen or in Christian times." Joseph Bennett sympathises.

Saint-Saëns says there are two errors in playing the music of Bach—to make it a field for excessive expression, or to render it absolutely excluding nuances. In the fugues, where form predominates, great reticence is necessary, but in the preludes the expression of sentiment is quite in place.

Mr. W. T. Best has been confined to his bed for six months, and is quite an invalid.

Hallé used to tell a story illustrating the low regard for music in the fifties. A clergyman who came to him for piano lessons, before visiting him, threw off his clerical garb and put on the dress of a private gentleman, in the hope of escaping detection as a student of the piano.

Samuel Webbe, the glee composer, was buried in old St. Pancras churchyard. A tombstone originally marked his grave, but this has been removed, and a new monument is suggested.

Mr. Arditi, who is now seventy-four, and in the best of health,

will shortly publish a volume of reminiscences. He will have completed sixty years of public life this year, having made his *début* at Milan in 1836 as a violinist.

A song, "If thou wert blind," is being advertised. One might as well entitle a song, "If you were bald"; "Hadst thou but lost an arm"; or "If Pa were only deaf."

Mr. Sims Reeves has got a son at the age of 78. This is as good as Sir Julius Benedict.

Paderewski's opinion of Chinese music is decidedly flattering. He declares that the beautiful simplicity and the evident art of it infatuate him.

Great efforts are being made to get up on a permanent basis an Irish or Celtic "Feis"—a musical festival—which it is hoped will collect together the scattered elements of Irish music, and stimulate the national musical taste as the annual Eisteddfod has done for Wales.

Dr. William Lemare, of Bournemouth, has been appointed conductor of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society. There were 50 candidates for the post.

It is said that Mr. Hedmont proposes to hire Covent Garden for a short season of opera in English in the autumn. Of course Wagner will be the principal attraction.

The foreigner again! Signor Franco Novaro has been chosen to succeed Mr. Cummings as a Professor at the R.A.M.

Mr. Schulz-Curtius will give his usual autumn Wagner concerts, with Herr Mottl as conductor, on Tuesday, November 24, and Saturday, November 28, the latter taking place in the afternoon by general desire. Full particulars will be announced on Mr. Schulz-Curtius's return from Bayreuth. The Bayreuth Festival of this season is an immense success, all tickets having been sold for some time, and the collection of fine voices is said to be the best that Bayreuth has ever had. We shall give full account in the next issue of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*.



## Correspondence.



To the Editor of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*.

SIR,—

In your article on Prof. North's new work on the human voice—*Voxometric Revelation*—which finds a place in the July number of your excellent journal, your critic makes a remark which I think it is only fair to call attention to, because it is calculated to leave a wrong impression on the minds of most of your readers.

After quoting Prof. North's reference to the voice of childhood, where the latter shows the results that can be obtained by this voice *under certain conditions*, your writer goes on to say: "It is hardly necessary to spend time in refuting such a statement as this. We all know that countless children have been brought up under conditions desiderated by Mr. North, and yet it has been impossible to make singers of them; while, on the other hand, many first-rate vocalists have been reared in a manner which, according to Mr. North's theory, should have prevented them ever becoming good vocalists."

In making such a remark as this your reviewer has evidently overlooked the fact that each one and every statement that is made in "Voxometric Revelation" is, of course, advanced on the natural assumption that all such statements and rules will be taken to mean the sense implied by the wording which constitutes them *only* when applied to the fundamental principle of the Voxometric theory.

These said first principles absolutely disagree with present acceptations on the subject, and, therefore, it surely follows that it is quite useless and irrelevant to argue against any isolated statement in North's theory, as long as you apply such argument to principles foreign to that theory.

For instance, in this case your critic says it has been found impossible to make singers of countless numbers of children, although brought up under the conditions stated by Prof. North; whereas one of those very conditions is distinctly stated by North to be a training "on perfect lines." This means, of course, a training in conformity to the definite instructions furnished in "Voxometric Revelation," without which, it is as distinctly contended, no voice can be perfectly trained. How, therefore, can your reviewer say North's conditions have been complied with in such cases?

And so it is with all the "many other points of an equally debatable nature" to which your article makes reference—proving that North's entire system must be taken and treated as a whole, and considered thus, before any fair judgment can be passed upon it; for in weighing the pros and cons of any one particular point in the theory the matter ought to be considered in its relation to the rest of that theory, and certainly not as applying to other ideas quite outside of and at variance to it.

In other words the fundamental principles upon which the Voxometric theory is based, and with which all points of detail agree, must first be shown to be wrong before any individual point can be judged from a foreign and comparative standpoint.

Anticipating your kindness for finding a space for these brief remarks, I tender thanks for such courtesy, and beg to remain,

Yours truly,

JUSTUS ABNER.

LONDON, July 15, 1896.



## Organ and Choir.



**"Religious Songs."** To what depths shall we ultimately descend in the way of "religious" songs for the people? Not long ago I heard of the following being sung at a Sunday service in a certain provincial town which shall be nameless:—

"My heart is like a rusty lock,  
Oh, oil it with Thy grace!  
And rub it, rub it, rub it, Lord,  
Until I see Thy face."

That is simply mirth-provoking. But what are we to think of the jingling nonsense which Commissioner Booth-Tucker has invented in order to provide us with a new aspect of the Saviour? Look at this!—

"Jesus is my Steamer,  
Who ne'er can sink. In Him  
I have embarked, and safely  
To heaven's port I swim."

The proposition, to be sure, is not very lucid; for if Booth-Tucker has embarked in that very safe steamer, there does not seem to be any need for his swimming. But is it really necessary to have silly things of this kind even for the use of the Salvation Army and the common intelligence?

**A Clerical Joker.** While on this subject, I am reminded that the Rev. G. S. Reaney, the Vicar of Christ Church, East Greenwich, has a novel idea of compiling a tune-book. His view is that what is required in tunes is more melody and less harmony. He says that if he should ever be put upon a committee to develop Church music, he would suggest that some of the most popular comedians be asked what is the secret of their melodies, that the people so heartily enjoy them. Perhaps it will be as well that Mr. Reaney be left off that committee.

**Presbyterian Bigotry.** One rubs his eyes when he learns, from certain recent paragraphs in the newspapers, that the Irish Presbyterian Church has only now received the sanction of its high court to introduce the organ in its services. We had thought that the clerical opponent of the organ had become as extinct as the dodo; but not only does *he* survive, but his twin-brother who objects to "human hymns" is also, to use a vulgar phrase, alive and kicking. They combine, these two types of old-time bigotry, to make what they call the "Purity Party" of their Church; but they are happily now only a remnant on the top of the mountain. The best of it is that their reverend brethren look upon them with a kind of amused pity, hearing them as if they heard not. By-and-by there will be grand times for the organ builders in Ireland. Already the congregation of Adelaide Road, Dublin, has availed itself of its newly-found liberty, and is building in a £500 organ, which is expected to be ready for use almost immediately. May the "Purity Party" slumber in peace while the Church proceeds along the path of improvement!

**Gregorians versus Anglicans.** What a merry controversy is that which divides the great body of Church musicians on the subject of Gregorian and Anglican chants! Ouseley, as we have recently learned, objected to Gregorians on the ground that they are unsuited to the English language. Mr. W. H. Cummings adds to this objection another—namely, that they are unsuited to the human voice. You remember Henry Smart's story of the American who was on a visit to an English clergyman, who had assured him that at his church he would hear "the best of music, well done"? After the Sunday morning service, the musical portion of which was all Gregorian, the visitor went back to the rectory, and was asked how he liked the music. "Some of it," said Jonathan, "was rather *tart*—no tune much; made by your village organist, I guess." The rector replied solemnly: "My

dear sir, the music we have been singing this morning is thought to be by many the purest and the most church-like we have; indeed, it is now pretty well ascertained that these Gregorian tones are identical with the Hebrew melodies which King David himself used to sing and play upon the harp." The Yankee's eye gleamed. "Well, now," he said, "I am very glad, sir, to hear this, because it clears up in my mind a little difficulty I have had in reading the Bible—as to the real reason why Saul threw the javelin at David when he was trying to soothe his royal master, of a rayther awkward temper, with those ancient ditties."

**Smart on Gregorians.** But Smart was himself the hero of, perhaps, a better story than this in connection with the same subject. Gregorians were to Henry as the red rag is to the bull. He said they represented a style of music "utterly barbarous in itself, antagonistic to the grammatical structure of the language, and so wholly opposed to the feeling of the people, that it can never come into general use, except on the incredible supposition of a second universal ascendancy of the Church which invented it." Well, Smart once found himself at table with a young and ardent "Puseyite curate," who, with a great deal of self-importance and pertinacity, insisted on contradicting him regarding the rightful position, value, and use of Gregorians in the Church service. The guests saw that the storm was brewing; and when the curate folded his hands spirally, saying to the distinguished organist in rather a loud tone of voice, "I am strongly of opinion, Mr. Smart, that there is a fine ecclesiastical, devotional character about Gregorians which no other music possesses, and therefore I go in for them warmly"—when he had said this, poor Smart lost his temper entirely. Pushing his chair back half a yard, he pulled his fine, stalwart frame together, and, with a significant dramatic gesture, said: "Now, look here! this won't do! Who asked *your* opinion, sir, upon a musical question of which you evidently know absolutely *nothing*? You may rely on it that some day, when you and your friends are shouting these ugly Gregorian chants, heaven will punish you, and *rain down bags of crochets upon your heads!*" It was too much for the curate, who, shortly afterwards asked the hostess to excuse him.

**The "Celestial" Organ.** Dr. Bridge has been telling an interviewer some thing about his "celestial" organ at Westminster Abbey. He says: "My friend, Mr. A. D. Clarke, the yachtsman, takes a great interest in the Abbey organ, and one day he asked me what I would like to have added to it. I told him that the organ itself was as nearly perfect as an organ could be; but that, if he yearned to do something for me, he could give an *additional* organ, to be placed in another part of the building, yet the manual to be under my control the same as the other four. We drew up a nice little scheme, which was to cost about £250. Later on I found some 'extras' I wanted added to it—that brought it up to £600. Ultimately I found ways and means of enabling him to spend about £1,000 on this fifth manual, or 'celestial organ,' as I have called it." The "celestial" organ is placed in the triforium, above the Handel memorial, in the Poets' Corner. It is 200 feet away from the organist, yet so perfect is the action that it speaks instantaneously, and the whole of the connecting mechanism is contained in a little cable, about two inches in circumference, that runs up the wall above the organ pipes, and disappears through an opening aloft. The wind supply is sent through two pipes that likewise travel 200 feet. Dr. Bridge says that his Purcell commemoration organ case is to cost £2,000, and at present he has got only £1,200.

**Organ Recitals.** Here is a note I came across on an old organ recital programme which fell into my hands the other day: "It is earnestly hoped that these recitals will not be re-



garded merely as a species of musical entertainment, nor be attended simply from motives of curiosity or criticism; but rather that they will afford an opportunity for, and possibly an incentive to, quiet devotional thought, and prayerful meditation. To this end, what might otherwise appear an undue prominence will, at least during the middle portion of each recital, be given to music of the character most likely to accomplish this object—as, for instance, the slow movements of the concert and chamber music of the great composers; and, bearing in mind the truth that *all* that is highest and purest in art belongs to, and is most fitly used when employed, in the service of God, no excuse need be offered for the introduction of music not specially composed for the organ, or wedded to sacred words." This is a sensible view to take of the much-vexed sacred *versus* secular question. There is plenty of music "specially composed for the organ" that is far more frivolous and secular than anything that the great composers ever wrote for another purpose than use in the church.

**Big Salaries.** Not long ago I read that a certain lady had been engaged as solo soprano in Dr. Paxton's church in New York, at a salary of £900 a year. This is, I believe, the highest salary that has ever been given, even in that city of high salaries, to a solo singer. In the great majority of churches the

leaders get from £80 to £100 per annum. Sopranos and tenors are paid more liberally than are contraltos and basses. It is not so much the wealth of the general body of worshippers as the presence in the congregation of a single rich man that determines the exceptionally high salaries paid in many of the New York churches to the singers. I see, by the way, that Dr. Turpin has been declaring that organists in this country are paid better than ever they were. I wish that were generally true of the rank and file. "The salary of the ordinary cathedral organist in England varies from £150 to £400 a year, while the organist of any large church with a good musical service would get from £80 to £150." Yes; but how many such churches are in existence? Still, as Dr. Turpin points out, we pay our best men better than they pay their best men abroad.

**A Bad Stroke.**

The new tenor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Newark, wrote recently to one of the musical journals: "I sang my first solo on Sunday evening, and the following night the church was struck by lightning. Please do not attach any significance to the combination of circumstances." Certainly not, says the editor; and you may console yourself with the thought that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

## The Home of Stradivarius.

CREMONA, we should think, lies somewhat out of the beaten track of the tourist. But then nobody wants to go to Cremona unless he is a violin enthusiast, and one whose face lights up at the mere mention of Stradivarius will dare anything, even the slow country railways of Italy, in order to look upon the ancient home of that wonder-worker in wood and varnish. Mr. Herbert M. Bower is such an enthusiast, and we have the result of his "Flying Visit to Cremona" in an interesting little pamphlet just published by Mr. W. Harrison, of Ripon. Mr. Bower tells us that pilgrims to this shrine are rare indeed; and the local guide books, like the inhabitants, either disappoint by most meagre information, or else raise false hopes by the promise that one shall at last see the very house in which Stradivarius lived and worked.

As a matter of fact, there are now at Cremona but very few memorials of the master who brought violin making to such perfection and who died only about a century and a half ago. As to the house, that cannot strictly be said to exist. Perhaps the lower walls remain, but great alterations were made some years ago in the quarter of the town where Stradivarius worked, and the site of the house is now occupied by part of an enlarged edifice. In this enlarged edifice the traveller may take his seat and order a meal, for it is a restaurant. In one of the rooms there is a large coloured medallion portrait, with the inscription "STRADIVARIUS, 1737." It appears to be a recent performance; indeed it bears a resemblance to the modern print, by Mouillon, of Stradivarius at work, which is well known, and of which photographs exist. On the outside wall of the restaurant there is a memorial tablet recording that: "Here formerly stood the house where Antonio Stradivari brought stringed instruments to wonderful perfection, and so bequeathed to Cremona the imperishable name of a consummate artificer."

Not far from the restaurant stood the church where Stradivarius was buried; but the building was demolished some years ago, and the stone that marked the master's tomb is now in the local museum. The letters of Stradivarius' name slightly trespass on the plain carved border or enclosing line; and Mr. Bower remarks it as curious that there should thus be exhibited workmanship so inharmonious with the precision and careful arrangement which wonderfully distinguish the great artist's instruments. But there is no evidence to show that Stradivarius had anything to do with the cutting of his

own tombstone, and in any case a violin and a tombstone are two very different things. The museum contains another memorial of the violin maker in the shape of a wooden slab that formed part of the back for an old-fashioned settle. It shows some time-worn and nearly obliterated traces of a painted design. Let into this slab in a rough way is a smaller strip of wood bearing the carved letters "ANTONIO STRA." Here the inscription perforce ceases, for the relic is by no means complete, the slab having been cut off at this point. Besides these two memorials, the museum has several interesting prints and photographs, but they are all modern. One of the local violin makers, a man named Grulli, has a treasure from the famous bench of the master himself. It consists of a series of stout wooden screws, each carrying two nuts, used for holding in place the back and front of a newly-made or mended fiddle. There is no doubt of their genuineness: their great age is quite patent, and besides that, they have the initials of Stradivarius, accompanied by the usual cross impressed on several of the nuts. But a still more interesting memorial remains at Cremona. To quote Mr. Bower: "The family itself still lives here in that of the *Avvocato* L. Stradivarius, of great repute and success in the legal profession." This gentleman is the son of the Cesare Stradivarius who rightly appears in Hart's pedigree as representing the direct line. Cesare was, as old people used to declare, very like the great Antonio, and Mr. Bower suggests that the pictures of Antonio are in reality portraits of Cesare.

Of course the visitor to Cremona will not forget that this was not the home of Stradivarius only, but of Guarnerius and the Amati family. There are streets named after all three in the modern Cremona. The house of Guarnerius does not seem to have been identified, although there can be little doubt that it stood (or stands) in the humble and narrow street which bears his name. Mr. Bower was told that it is now used as a fuel-merchant's establishment, but he was unable to verify the statement. The house No. 6 in the *Via Amati* is said to stand on the site formerly occupied by Amati's house. Hart, it may just be added, furnishes a plan which places the "Shop of Amati" very near to the houses of Ruggeri, Guarnerius, Bergonzi and Stradivarius. Mr. Bower's pamphlet shows a plan of the part of modern Cremona which is covered by the interests of the violin enthusiast, and there are other illustrations which the fiddler cannot fail to appreciate.

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# Violins and Violinists.

UNDER the title of "Famous Violinists and Fine Violins" (Chatto and Windus) Dr. T. L. Phipson, an enthusiastic amateur residing at Putney, has sent out a volume which must prove of considerable interest to all who handle the fiddle and the bow. Dr. T. Phipson has already contributed a couple of works to the literature of the violin, and in the present addition he to some extent covers ground he has already occupied. But the violinist is never tired of hearing about his instrument, and if you only tell him again the story of Stradivarius, it is enough to light up his face with a beam of radiant joy. Unfortunately, the violinist will not find in Dr. Phipson a blind admirer of the Cremona school of violin-making. While admitting that Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and the Amatis made some very fine instruments, he thinks that the present craze for Italian violins of early make is a craze and nothing more. As regards solo playing, he declares that it matters little to an artist, so far as the public is concerned, whether he plays on a violin that cost £40 or £400. It would require a very delicate ear to detect any difference. A violin must be very bad that will not, in the hands of a good player, make its due effect in a large concert-room, even if not quite so pleasant as a Cremona in the drawing-room; and if an artist can manage to go to about £40, or even less, he may get an instrument with which he can do himself ample justice and make his living. Dr. Phipson, in support of this contention, tells that one day the well-known Charles Dancla was offered the loan of a fine Stradivarius violin for one of his concerts; he tried it for ten days, but preferred to play upon his own instrument, which was not worth one-tenth of the money that the other had cost. Again, Dr. Phipson was not long ago at F. W. Chanot's, in Berners Street, and saw there a magnificent violin made by Mancotel, of London, who died some years ago. Prejudice aside, he says that this instrument would compare well with the finest Cremona ever made, and yet a very moderate price was asked for it. The author remembers also a fine violin made by Withers, of London, which in a concert-room could not have been distinguished from the best of Cremona instruments. This one was sold to an amateur for £60. In short, Dr. Phipson has no patience with the modern worship of the old violins. It is, he says, "really absurd to attach such exclusive importance to the old city of Cremona. It is a craze, as I said before, which is kept up as much as possible for trade purposes. As a proof of this, I myself have had in my hands violins by Sebastian Klotz, Hüniger, Simon Lupot, and others, which were quite equal to, if not better, than Amati, Stradivarius and Guarnerius violins with which I have had the opportunity of comparing them." No doubt; but the point is, were the latter instruments representative specimens of their makers' best work? Nobody denies that even Stradivarius occasionally turned out poor instruments; but on the other hand, the best judges agree that some of his violins have never been equalled. It is absurd to say that the general desire on the part of our leading players to have Cremona instruments is a "craze," kept up for trade purposes. If Sarasate, and Joachim, and Ysaye, and Lady Hallé, and many other artistes, find that they could do as well with instruments that had cost them perhaps £500, why should they want to spend £1,000 or more on a real Stradivarius? Dr. Phipson, in fact, in accusing one set of people of being faddists, becomes himself a faddist. However, in that respect he does not stand alone among writers on the violin.

Even on the Cremona varnish question Dr. Phipson is far from being orthodox. Nearly everybody agrees that the secret of the Cremona varnish *remains* a secret, a secret, moreover, which is never likely to be revealed. What did Charles Reade say on the subject? "More than once, even in my time, hopes have run high, but only to fall again. Some have cried 'Eureka!' to the public, but the moment others looked at their discovery and compared it with the

real thing, inextinguishable laughter shook the skies. At last despair has succeeded to all that energetic study, and the varnish of Cremona is sullenly given up as a lost art." The position of matters is just the same to-day. But not to Dr. Phipson. It is "mere nonsense," he tells us, this talk about the Cremona varnish being a lost art. "We have only to look into the technical works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to see how the varnish was made and coloured. The old Cremona makers are supposed to have used oil-varnish, like our coachbuilders; but the varnish on a Stradivarius is attacked and dissolved by spirit, which shows it is not an oil-varnish." Well then, will Dr. Phipson tell us what it is? He certainly makes no attempt in this volume, being content to pass over the question airily with the dogmatic assertion just quoted. Others, as well as Dr. Phipson, have looked into "the technical works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries," but the investigation brought them no nearer the secret of the Cremona varnish.

There is one point on which we cordially agree with Dr. Phipson, and that is his condemnation of the collectors of *bric-a-brac*, who store up old violins, not that they may play upon them, but that they may glory in their possession. There was the late Joseph Gillott, the Birmingham pen-maker. He knew nothing of music, yet he hoarded up a collection of old Cremonas which, when brought to the hammer after his death, produced over £4,000. At the present moment, the finest Stradivarius violin in the world, an instrument for which £2,000 was paid, is sleeping peacefully in the drawing-room of a wealthy Edinburgh amateur. It is certainly a pity for the musical profession that *bric-a-brac* hunters do not stop at crockery and dusty old books. There are lying hidden away in boxes scores of fine old violins that could be put to good use in the concert-room, and delight the ears of the real lovers of music.

Dr. Phipson gives some interesting figures regarding the prices paid for old Italian violins at various times. It is pathetic to learn that Stradivarius' usual price for a violin was about £4, unless specially ornamented or made to the order of some nobleman, in which case he got a little more. An uninjured instrument from his hands will now bring, at public auction, anything from £200 to £1,000, or even more! About the middle of the present century his instruments could be bought for one hundred guineas. Old John Betts, a music-seller at the Royal Exchange, purchased one, dated 1704, over his counter for a sovereign, which was sold in 1878 for eight hundred guineas, not £800, as Dr. Phipson says. That same year, 1878, we read in *Galignani's Messenger* that a Stradivarius violin, dated 1709, was sold by auction at the Hotel Dronot, in Paris. It was put up at £400, and finally bought for £884. During this sale, when the bidding had gone up to 18,000 francs, there was a great rush of the curious to get a sight of the instrument. A small table, upon which three or four persons were standing, was upset, and they fell to the ground, creating some stir among the crowd. "Do not be alarmed, gentlemen," said the auctioneer blandly, "the violin is quite safe." A few violins made by Joseph Guarnerius have realized as much as £400 to £700 in public auction. Other makers have had their day. We were told by the newspapers that in September, 1873, there was sold by auction at Dresden the famous violin of Count Trautunandsdorf, Grand Equerry to the Emperor Charles V., which he had purchased directly from the celebrated Tyrolean maker, Jacob Stainer. "He paid him down in cash seventy golden crowns, and undertook to provide the vendor, as long as he lived, with a good dinner every day, as well as a hundred florins a month in cash, and every year a new coat with golden brandenburghs, two casks of beer, lighting and fuel, and, in case he should marry, as many hares as he might require (hares presumably being unsuitable for bachelors!), with twelve baskets of fruit annually for himself, and as many for his old housekeeper! As Stainer lived for sixteen years after the



agreement, this violin must have cost the Count not less than 20,000 florins.

Dr. Phipson corroborates by some curious instances the opinion we have long held as to the utter unreliability of so-called violin "experts." Some ten or twelve years ago, when real judges of violins were becoming already very rare, he took a beautiful Guarnerius to three noted dealers in London, one after the other, on the same day, and each one gave a different opinion. Not one of them recognised it as a Guarnerius, though it came originally from the great Tarisio for the sum of £100, and at the present day is worth five times that amount. Again, in the spring of 1893 a friend of Dr. Phipson's took an old Italian violin to a West End dealer for disposal. He expected the latter to make him an offer for it, but the dealer insisted on the owner naming his own price. At last he did so, and asked £70 for an instrument well worth double

that amount. The dealer then said the instrument was not what it was alleged to be, and though the tone was very fine, he could not possibly sell it without a name. Next year the same gentleman took another valuable violin to the same dealer, who told him this time that the tone was not so good as it might be, and that the name of the maker was of no account, tone alone being what was now required in the violin market. After this one can appreciate the statement of Blake, that "the man who never changes his opinion is like stagnant water, and breeds reptiles of the mind."

Dr. Phipson, we should add, gives up a great deal of his space to matter about violinists, famous and otherwise. He even manages to press Cherubini and Balfe into his gallery of portraits. But there is nothing new about this section of the book; indeed he would be a gifted man who should bring anything new out of a department of literature that has been already done to death.

## Our Music Supplement.

### MARCHE DES ENFANTS. (Walter Barnett.)

THIS is a bright little piece which young readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will appreciate, on account of its simplicity and "go." Many players neglect, often to a very serious extent, such matters as *accent* and *emphasis*, and nothing is better calculated to counteract this defect than the practice of marches, in which rhythm and accent are relied upon to produce the proper effect.

This march is marked *allegro*, but do not take it at too rapid a pace. The character of a march should be stately rather than brilliant; and although neither of these epithets may seem inapplicable to such an unpretentious little composition as this, *Marche des Enfants*, played with proper emphasis, steadiness, and precision, will, I think, suggest very clearly the idea conveyed by the title.

In the middle part, in the key of G, the dotted minims in the bass must, of course, be sustained by means of the right pedal, which, however, must be allowed to rise at the crotchet rest. At bar 20 and in corresponding places, strike the minims F, firmly, and *sustain* them while the inner notes are played *softly*.

### MINUET. (Mozart-Schulhoff.)

I have already, in a previous number, described the character-

istics of the Minuet. It is distinguished for its graceful and dignified expression, to which Haydn and Mozart, in the examples they have left us, added a certain refined humour. In the example before us these qualities are clearly seen, and it should be the object of the player to bring them into prominence. The whole minuet is in one key, and variety must be obtained by a strong contrast between the first part, which should be played in a light, airy manner, and the second part, marked *cantando* (in a singing style), in which the melody must be very *legato*. Use the pedal only where directed; if it is introduced in the *staccato* bass, the effect will be entirely destroyed. Observe strictly the expression marks, numerous as they may seem to be, and notice that there is not a *forte* bar throughout the piece.

### CONFIDENCE. (Schulhoff.)

This is an original composition by a composer of whom some interesting particulars were given last month. It partakes more of the nature of a romance than an impromptu, and should be played in a quiet, sympathetic style. The key-signature has rather a formidable look, but the six flats will not be found so very terrible after all, particularly if the practice of the piece be preceded by the scale in the same key. It will be noticed that many of the chords written in the lower stave have to be played by the right hand.

## The Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, and its new Conductor.

WHEN I heard that Dr. Lemare was leaving Bournemouth to assume the conductorship of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, I thought it would be interesting to obtain some particulars from him concerning his new duties.

The doctor, with his accustomed geniality, readily acceded to my wishes, although, as he explained, he was not in a position to tell me as much as he could wish about the important work he had undertaken.

"I ought to congratulate myself," he said, "upon being chosen out of more than fifty applicants. The post is one after my own heart, and I think I shall find more scope in Nottingham than here."

The Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society was established in 1856, and during the forty seasons through which it has passed has given no less than 209 public concerts, at which fifty entire

works (many of them oft repeated) have been presented. The forty-first season will commence on October 28, with a "grand recital" of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, for which occasion Madame Fanny Moody, Mr. Charles Manners, and other well-known artists, together with the Hallé Orchestra, has been engaged. Other works to be performed during the season are, *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *The Revenge*, and *Israel in Egypt*, all of which will be under the direction of the newly-appointed conductor.

Dr. Lemare will be much missed in the town he is leaving. The establishment of the Bournemouth Musical Festival, which has, I trust, taken a permanent place among the institutions of its kind, was entirely due to his energy, perseverance and skill; and the late Sir Joseph Barnby, Professor Bridge and Mr. Cowen have all borne testimony to the ability which he brought to bear upon his work in connection with it.

## The Attempt to Revive Intellectual Piracy.

ONE would have thought that any prudent man, says the *Century*, with the slightest regard for his reputation, might have detected in the long agitation for international copyright which culminated in the Act of 1891, the existence, among the classes that direct American public opinion, of a widespread impatience with the form of robbery known as intellectual piracy. Whatever extenuation there may have been for such offences, the offenders as a body are doubtless ashamed of the old record. But there seem to be a few persons, chiefly among the publishers of music and of engravings, who betray a rash willingness to stand once more in the public pillory. This willingness is likely to be gratified, for we much mistake the temper of the cultivated people of the country if, five years after a new and honourable record has been made on this subject, they will be content to go back in any detail to the old disgraceful state of affairs. Indeed, the passage of the Treloar Bill would be a greater disgrace, since it would involve actually taking away property rights that exist, instead of refusing to confer those which ought to exist.

The main proposition of the Copyright Bill of Mr. Treloar, a representative from Missouri, and himself recently, if not still, a publisher of music, is to rewrite the law of 1891, so that the condition of manufacture in the United States, which, in order to obtain from Congress any copyright reform whatever, was made to apply to books, chromos, lithographs, and photographs, shall now, when no such emergency exists, be extended to music, engravings, cuts, prints, etc. This is advocated ostensibly in the interest of the American workman, who, in all the years of agitation before 1891, did not raise a voice to demand it, and who in this matter is so nearly non-existent as to be, even in the matter of votes, a negligible quantity. It is really advocated in the interest of publishers of music and engravings, who hope, by making an impossible or onerous condition, to prevent composers, both American and foreign, from taking out copyrights, and thus to throw into the "public domain," which now contains every note of music published before July 1, 1891, the further reinforcement of a large body of contemporary work. The obvious result would be the enrichment of such publishers, some of whom have already made fortunes on the unremunerated product of other men's brains. These, and these alone, are to be the beneficiaries of the proposed class legislation.

Now at whose expense is this bounty to be bestowed? First, of all foreign composers and artists; secondly, of all American composers and artists; thirdly, of the American public; and fourthly, of the entire system of international copyright, which under the present Act has been laboriously built up with nine countries of Europe, to wit—Great Britain and her colonies,

France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Against the proposal protests have been sent to Congress by the Manuscript Society of New York, representing the musical profession, and by over two hundred individual composers and musicians; by the Fine Arts Federation, representing ten societies of artists, of which six are of a National character in distribution of membership, and by the American Copyright League, representing the writers of the country. Why are not these protests conclusive? If any American industry is to be built up, why not that of producing music and art, instead of that of distributing them? Are not these civilizing influences more valuable to the country than the building up of a few colossal fortunes? The producers, moreover, are not asking special privileges; only the continued freedom of the present law to get the return which they may for their work.

But suppose that Congress, for a false idea of consistency, were willing to sacrifice the producer to the distributor, will it also sacrifice the privileges which the present law gives to Americans in the nine countries of Europe above enumerated? Or is anybody so foolish as to suppose that the passage of the Treloar Bill would not cause prompt reprisals by foreign countries? Will they be shrewd about pork and wool, and not about art and music? Are they not already restive under the inequality of what they give as compared with what they get through our present law? Excellent as it is in most respects, it is in some undeniably a source of hardship, and in the case of countries of a different tongue it is chiefly useful to their citizens by reason of the ideal security which it affords to music and art. Shall all that has thus been gained for an honourable understanding with the world be thrown away by subjecting these two items to restrictions which will well-nigh nullify its benefits? To do all this would be to turn back the wheels of progress; and to do it for the sordid reasons which support it would be a most ridiculous and unpatriotic form of that materialism which is being continually nourished in Congress, and against which all the forces of our civilization have perpetually to contend.

At the notable conference in favour of international arbitration, held in Washington in April, our copyright relations with other countries were cited by one of the speakers as being the most successful approach we have yet made to a practical international institution, forming as they do a system of agreement on the part of widely divided countries mutually to do justice. In the face of the great demonstration of human friendliness and respect for law which that conference represented, it would seem to be a bad year to interrupt the continuity of a system of reciprocal fair dealing which, whatever its defects, has brought us, as a nation, so far as this question is concerned, from barbarism into civilization.

## American Musical Authorities against the Treloar Bill.

THE contributions which follow, from the professors of music in Harvard, Yale, and Columbia Universities, who, moreover, stand in the front rank of American composers, were written in response to the following questions, which accurately set forth certain provisions of the Treloar Copyright Bill, now pending in Congress:—

1. Are you in favour of amending our present international copyright law by providing that copies of the musical compositions of American composers can be copyrighted only when the type is set up, or the plates

made, or the copies manufactured, in the United States, and prohibiting the owner of the copyright from having the composition printed in England, Germany, or elsewhere and importing the copies for sale in the United States upon payment of duties?

2. Are you in favour of a copyright law which will compel the foreign composer to have his works printed in the United States in order to obtain copyright here; although the country of such foreign composer permits copyright there, without any such restrictions, of the composition of an American?



3. Are you in favour of a copyright law which will compel a foreign publisher, who arranges with an American composer to publish the latter's work, to print the work in the United States and sell here only such copies as are printed here?

4. In your opinion will it promote the progress of the art of music, will it promote the quality of music, and the use and enjoyment of music by the public, to require, as a condition of copyright in the United States, that the copies must be printed and manufactured in the United States?

5. Is such a requirement, in your opinion, beneficial or injurious to the interests of the composer?

*From the Professor of Music in Harvard University.*

I am utterly opposed to any attempt to make the copyright of musical compositions conditional on their being printed in the United States. I believe that such a law would defeat its own object, for eventually it would restrict both the musical market and production of musical compositions; it would work injustice to our composers, publishers, printers, and the public alike.

The requirement that the works of foreign composers must be printed in the United States in order to be copyrighted is lacking in the reciprocal element which should be prominent in an international copyright law. Neither England, nor Germany, nor any other country so far as I am aware, requires as a condition of the copyright of the work of an American author or composer that such work be printed in England or Germany, etc. In European countries there is international copyright without reference to place or manner of printing. I am informed that, wherever there is free trade, copyright publications, with the consent of the owner of the copyright, may be imported free of duty. Where there is protection, copyright composition, with consent of the owner of the copyright, may be imported on payment of duties. Reciprocity requires similar provisions in the United States' international copyright laws. Anything less would tend to develop, sooner or later, retaliation against Americans, and would be inimical to the growth of the art of music in America.

The proposed amendment would work grave injury to our rising American composers, who are beginning to find European recognition a very important factor in the development of native music in a young country. Our general public is not yet sufficiently advanced in musical taste and intelligence to appreciate independently the native talent now struggling to attain a higher ideal. The passage of the proposed amendment would retard half a century the time when America can take rank with European nations in creative music.

Within the last few years certain American composers have had orchestral scores and parts printed in Germany and England, either under the auspices of an American or a foreign publisher. Such publication has led to performances of these works abroad, where they have found recognition. This wide extension of the American composer's field of appreciation from local to international reacts favourably on the American public by procuring here readier performance and higher estimation. It should be understood that Germany, and particularly Leipzig, is the centre of the musical world so far as regards the publication of works involving orchestral scores. Such works issued at Leipzig have a far better chance of becoming known throughout the musical world than if published only in the United States. In fact, so far as my knowledge goes, not a single orchestral score of an American composer has yet been engraved in the United States. The only published orchestral scores and parts of native composers have been engraved and printed in Germany. To engrave a double set of plates for such scores and parts would be quite out of the question. Orchestral scores and parts have a limited sale, but without their publication *somewhere* the works cannot be made known to the musical world. If this law were passed, the future orchestral works of American composers would probably remain in manuscript, and have a most limited performance and appreciation.

In the case of short compositions of foreign composers, it is generally understood, I believe, that the necessity for printing them over again in the United States would prevent a great majority of such compositions from being copyrighted in the United States. Whenever any such composition becomes popular it will be printed, reprinted, and sold in the United States as a matter of course, and neither the foreign publisher nor the foreign composer will obtain the fruits of the composition. This is an obvious injustice arising from a lack of proper reciprocity in an international copyright act. Even if the foreign composer is not to be considered, the effect on the American composer is equally unjust and injurious; for such piracy of uncopyrighted foreign musical compositions produces an unfair competition with the works of the American composers, especially when the European composers have already established world-wide reputations. The rising talent here has great difficulty in getting a hearing or market on account of these unfavourable conditions.

It is obvious that music cannot justly be classed under literature. In the development of the refinements of civilization it should be recognised as a distinct and separate art, and should be encouraged in this country by a reciprocal international copyright, free from mechanical restrictions which would legalize injustice to both the American and foreign composer, and retard or destroy the international recognition of American compositions. Music is more international than literature, for the latter has natural circumscribed territorial limits. There is as yet no universal spoken language. Literature is English, French, German, Italian, Russian, etc., according to the country in the language of which such literature is written. Music has no territorial limits. The musical composition of an American composer may be performed and understood alike by German, French, Italian, or Russian musicians without translation: for its symbols are not words addressed to the verbal reason, but tones addressed to the æsthetic sense of beauty and to the emotions.

If copyrighted musical compositions are accorded by Congress the same international freedom which exists in respect to patented mechanical inventions, it may well be that in another century America may acquire a rank in the musical world as high as she has attained in the mechanical world under our patent laws.

JOHN K. PAINE.

*From the Professor of Music in Yale University.*

I beg to answer "No," to the first three of your questions.

As to the fourth: I think the proposed requirement will act distinctly against the progress of musical art in this country, by doubling the expense necessary to protect expensive, and therefore important, works.

It will also encourage the stealing of short works from European publishers, which practice has already done great harm to composers here and elsewhere.

I call it stealing, since it is taking that which belongs to some one else. That the law does not protect the composer's or the publisher's property, does not change the character of the act of acquisition morally.

The above remarks apply also to question 5. I think the simplest possible legislation, securing to every composer, of whatever nationality, the fruits of his labour, will be that most beneficial to the entire country, composers and others. If we are at liberty to steal other nations' property, they can hardly be expected to frame laws to protect ours. If the question is, "Who has the most stealable property?" I admit we have less than most European nations, and a consequent slight advantage.

There is no doubt in my mind that the highest possible standard of international honesty in copyright matters will be our best policy.

Nor do I see how, in a question of copyright pure and simple, the interests of labourers or mechanics can in honesty be considered at all.

HORATIO W. PARKER.

*From the Professor of Music in Columbia University.*

In my opinion, any legislation compelling publishers and writers of music to have their works printed in the United States, under penalty of forfeiting their copyright, would be a very serious blow to the advancement of music in this country. Such legislation would increase the expenses of publication (owing to the necessity for several editions), and narrow the market, besides being both unjust and eminently un-American. Why should an American's work belong to him only when he prints it in America? Why should a law be passed to protect his property only when it is manufactured in the United States? If an idea, musical or otherwise, is not palpable property, then the Patent Office is an absurdity. If engravers and printers are to be given such a monopoly, why should not other trades—say, for instance, watchmakers—demand that the theft of any watch not made in the United States be unpunishable in law. I understand that most of the music engravers in the United States are foreigners. If the proposed amendment to the copyright law of 1891 be seriously considered, I would propose that none but either American-born citizens, or at least citizens of, say, twenty years' standing, be allowed to engage in the printing of music in the United States. Also that all tools used in printing be made in America from metal mined or material produced here. If there is to be a monopoly in the engraving of music, let it be given to Americans working with American tools made of American materials.

The tools of the writer of music are his compositions. If he is to be compelled to have these manufactured in the United States, let the rule hold good for other professions also. Instead of putting a duty on foreign manufactures, let us prohibit them altogether by withdrawing from such property all protection of the law.

To your list of questions I say emphatically, "No" to 1, 2, 3, 4; to No. 5 I have answered at length above.

E. A. McDOWELL.

## The Academies.

### LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE following examinations took place at the London Academy during the end of June and the beginning of July. Examination in harmony for gentlemen on June 26; of pianists for bronze medals; of vocalists and pianists (gentlemen) for bronze and silver medals on June 29; of violinists for bronze medals, and harmonists for bronze, silver, and gold medals on June 30; of vocalists for bronze medals, and of pianists for silver, gold, and diploma of associateship on July 1; of violinists for silver, gold, and diploma of associateship on July 2; and of vocalists for silver, gold, and diploma of associateship on July 3. A full list of the successful candidates will be published in our next issue, with an account of the distribution of prizes and concert in St. George's Hall on Friday, July 24.

### GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

I think I should not be far wrong in saying I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, which appears to be essential to good luck. At any rate, I was unfortunate enough to miss the first act of *Esmeralda*, the opera given on June 18 at Drury Lane Theatre by the students of the Guildhall School of Music.

The opera comprises four acts, the libretto written and arranged by Theo. Marzials and Alberto Randegger, and the music by A. Goring Thomas.

The part of *Esmeralda* (a gipsy) was taken by Miss Jessie Bradford; Phœbus de Chateaupers (an officer) by Mr. Ernest Barry; Claude Frollo by Mr. Griffith-Percy; Quasimodo by Mr. Stuart Hyatt; Fleur-de-lys (betrothed to Phœbus) by Miss Mabel Engelhardt; Lady Lois (her governess) by Miss Margaret Mos; Marquis de Chevereuse by Mr. Wyatt Keith; Gringoire (a poet) by Mr. Richard Triggs; and Chopin (King of the Beggars) by Mr. Alec Lee. Mr. Neill O'Donovan conducted.

On the whole, considering the hard work to be done, the opera was very creditably rendered, but it appeared to me as though almost all the singers were vying one with the other as to who could sing or shout the loudest. And indeed it was really needed at times when the orchestra got hold of a luscious morsel, which made their blood rush through their veins, and put new strength into their bow-arm. At other parts they could not be lured on, even by the sight of a bunch of carrots, but had to be literally dragged along by the nose.

I sincerely hope I am not too late to congratulate Mr. W. H. Cummings on his election as Principal of the Guildhall School of Music.

### TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The Queen Victoria Lectures this year were delivered by Dr. George Garrett, on Tuesdays, June 23 and 30, the subject being "The Smaller Works of Great Composers." Extracts from the following works, illustrative of the first lecture were performed by Mr. A. W. Kettlebey, for which he deserved all the praise he received from the Lecturer:—

Passepied, 1 and 2; Duet 1; and Fantasia Cromatica by Bach.

Suite 1, Prelude; Trois Leçons, Prelude; Sarabande; Gigue and Minuet, by Handel.

Romanza and Minuet, Op. 3; Air and Variation 6, Op. 7; Variation, 2, 5, and 6, Op. 9; and Allegro Vivace, Op. 81, by Weber; and Deux Scherzos No. 2. Op. 75; Quatre Polonaises, by Schubert.

At the second lecture Mr. Kettlebey was assisted by the following students:—Miss Florence Brotherhood (*Scholar*), and Mr. Sidney Faulks, first violins; Miss Lilly J. P. Evans (*Exhibitioner*), and

Mr. Walter Stewart, second violins; Miss Edith Evans, violoncello; and Mr. John Bishop, double bass. The vocal music, conducted by Mr. J. T. Hutchinson, was contributed by Miss Bertha Acworth (*Exhibitioner*), Miss Louise Mylius, Mrs. Doran, Miss Florence Shore, Mr. R. F. Tate, Mr. Reuben Fairhurst, and Mr. Walter Geddes. Amongst other items appears the finale of Sonata No. 12, and the first movements of Sonatas 18 and 22, by Haydn; Air and Variation No. 11; Air and Variation 3 and 6, and a Gigue by Mozart, Op. 33, Nos. 2 and 6. Variations No. 17; Air and Variations 14, Variations 23 and 24, Op. 39; Prelude, No. 2 for organ, Op. 120; Tema, Variations 1, 9, and end of fugue, and Op. 126; Nos. 1, 2, and 3, by Beethoven.

### LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

On the evening of Wednesday, June 24, Miss Edroff, whose name is continually appearing in these columns in connection with the London Organ School, gave another Organ Recital, in which she was assisted by Mr. Arthur Fayne, elocutionist. The programme consisted of the following:—

SONATA IN D MINOR	...	...	...	Guilmant.
	Introduction and Allegro.			
IMPROMPTU	...	...	...	C. Bravington.
RECITATION	...	...	...	Whyte Melville.
	(With Piano accompaniment by Stanley Hawley.)			
	Mr. Arthur Fayne.			
TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN C	...	...	...	Bach.
MEDITATION	...	...	...	Klein.
CAPRICCIO	...	...	...	Capocci.
RECITATION	...	...	...	Agrikler.
	Mr. Arthur Fayne.			
FANTASIA IN F	...	...	...	Scotson Clark.
TOCCATA (from 5th Symphony)	...	...	...	Widor.

On the following Wednesday evening, July 1, a Dramatic Recital was given by the elocution students of the school, under the direction of Mr. Charles Fry. The Recital consisted of selections from the "Merchant of Venice," the students of the school being assisted by pupils of Mr. Charles Fry and Mr. Arthur Fayne, both elocution professors at the school. The following is a list of the artists, and the persons they are meant to represent:—

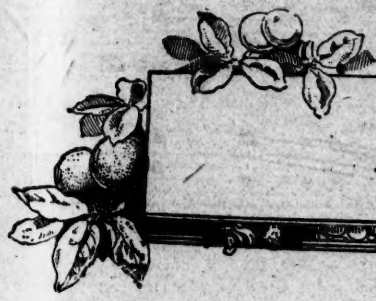
DUKE OF VENICE	...	...	...	Mr. B. N. Coleman.
ANTONIO ( <i>the Merchant</i> )	...	...	...	Mr. W. Stewart.
BASSANIO	...	...	...	Mr. Adrian Harley.
GRATIANO	}	Venetian	...	Mr. W. G. Speers.
SOLANIO			...	Mr. J. E. Simmonds.
SALARINO (Act 3, Sc. 1)			...	Mr. W. Stewart.
LORENZO (Act 3, Sc. 2)	}	Jews	...	Mr. B. N. Coleman.
TUBAL			...	Mr. Arthur Fayne.
SHYLOCK			...	

PORTIA (in Act 1)	...	...	...	Miss Marion Jennings.
" (in Act 3)	...	...	...	Miss Norah Chetwynd.
" (in Act 4) ... as a Doctor of Laws	...	...	...	Miss Rosalie Notrelle.
NERISSA ( <i>her Attendant</i> )	...	...	...	Miss Nita Faydon.
JESSICA ( <i>Shylock's Daughter</i> )	...	...	...	Miss Dalton.
SERVANT TO PORTIA	...	...	...	Miss Austin.

The selections included Act 1, Scenes, 1, 2, and 3; Act 3, Scenes 1 and 2 (*Casket Scene*); and Act 4, Scene 1, the *Trial Scene*.

During the evening three movements from Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to the play, and a March by Berthold Tours was played by Miss A. Vincent-Watson and Miss Annie H. Evans; and in Act 3, Scene 2, "Tell me where is fancy bred" (*C. Pinsuti*) was sung by the Misses Angelinetta and Esther Jaye, and Messrs. Bright and Conder.





# Marche des Enfants

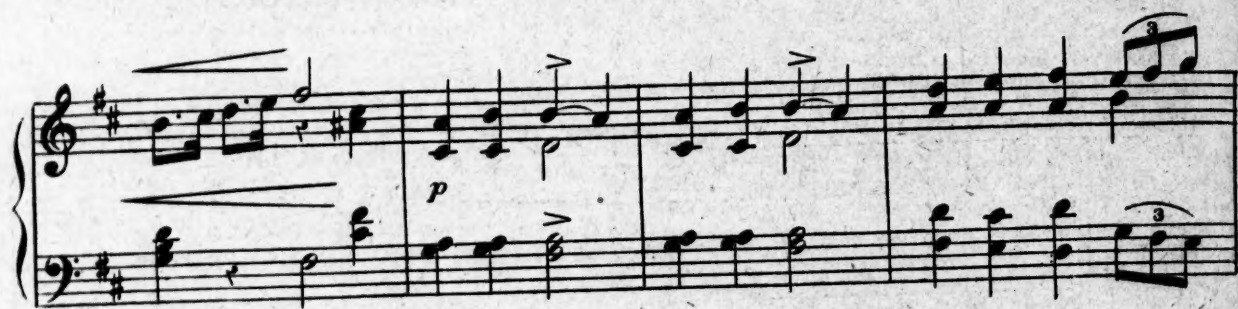
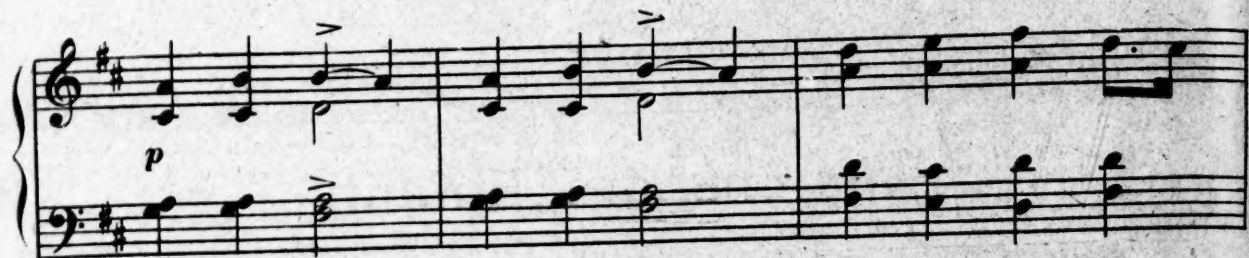
WALTER BARNETT

ALLEGRO.

PIANO.

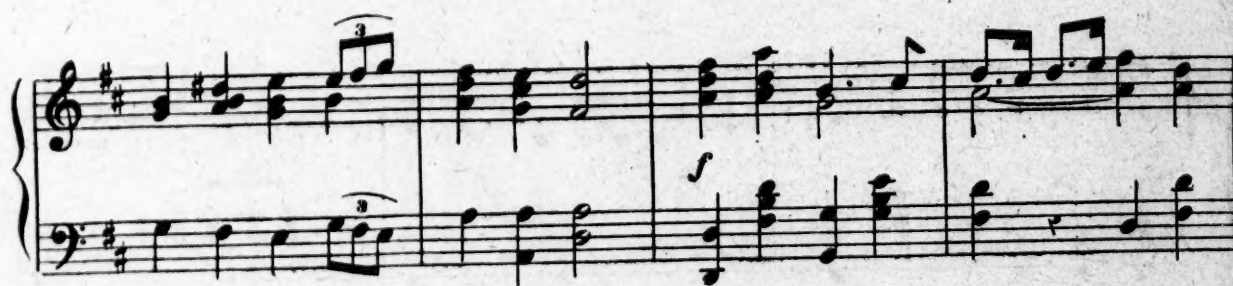
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A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrases marked with a *v* (vibrato) symbol. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the voice staff.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#) and 2/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The Bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The piece consists of four measures. The first measure has a treble staff starting with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes E5, F#5, G5, and a quarter note A5. The bass staff has a quarter note D4, followed by a half note F#4. The second measure has a treble staff with a quarter note G5, followed by eighth notes F#5, E5, and a quarter note D5. The bass staff has a quarter note C#4, followed by a half note D4. The third measure has a treble staff with a quarter note C#5, followed by eighth notes B4, A4, and a quarter note G4. The bass staff has a quarter note B3, followed by a half note C#4. The fourth measure has a treble staff with a quarter note F#4, followed by eighth notes E4, D4, and a quarter note C#4. The bass staff has a quarter note B3, followed by a half note C#4. The piece ends with a final chord in the bass staff: D4, F#4, and A4.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is divided into two systems by a double bar line. The first system contains the first two measures, and the second system contains the next two measures. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a half note. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The title 'The Rose Tree' is written in a cursive hand at the top left of the page.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score consists of 16 measures. The first measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The second measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The third measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The fourth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The fifth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The sixth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The seventh measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The eighth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The ninth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The tenth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The eleventh measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The twelfth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The thirteenth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The fourteenth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The fifteenth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The sixteenth measure is a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5). The tempo marking "rall:" is placed above the eleventh measure. The piece ends with a double bar line.



# Andante

From 10th Sonata (Op. posth.)

FRANZ SCHUBERT

PIANO

Andante sostenuto.





Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of two staves each. The key signature is E major (two sharps). The first system is marked with a large 'E' and a piano 'p' dynamic. The second system continues the texture. The third system features a treble clef change and a mezzo-forte 'mf' dynamic. The fourth system continues the piece. The fifth system continues the piece. The sixth system is marked with a large 'G' and includes 'decresc.' and 'cresc.' markings. The piece concludes with a final chord.

Piano.





Piano.



Piano.







# Andante

From 10th Sonata (Op. posth.)

HARMONIUM

FRANZ SCHUBERT



Andante sostenuto.

① ① ④

*pp*

① ④

A

*cresc.* *f* *decreso.* *pp*

B

*pp* *cresc.*

C

*p* *cresc.* *f* *decreso.*

D

*pp* *decreso.*

*ppp*

①

Harmonium.

System 1: Treble and Bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Bass clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Treble staff starts with a whole note chord E (E4, G#4, B4) marked *p*. Bass staff has a whole note chord (F#3, C#4, E4). Both staves have a series of eighth-note chords.

System 2: Treble and Bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Bass clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Treble staff starts with a whole note chord F (F4, A4, C#5) marked *mf*. Bass staff has a whole note chord (F#3, C#4, E4). Both staves have a series of eighth-note chords.

System 3: Treble and Bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Bass clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Treble staff starts with a whole note chord G (G4, B4, D#5) marked *p*. Bass staff has a whole note chord (F#3, C#4, E4). Both staves have a series of eighth-note chords. Dynamics include *cresc.*, *p*, and *pp*.

System 4: Treble and Bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Bass clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Treble staff starts with a whole note chord H (A4, C#5, E5) marked *cresc.*. Bass staff has a whole note chord (F#3, C#4, E4). Both staves have a series of eighth-note chords. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *p*.

System 5: Treble and Bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Bass clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Treble staff starts with a whole note chord I (B4, D#5, F#6) marked *f*. Bass staff has a whole note chord (F#3, C#4, E4). Both staves have a series of eighth-note chords. Dynamics include *f*, *sp > p*, *mf*, *cresc.*, and *p*.

System 6: Treble and Bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Bass clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Treble staff starts with a whole note chord marked *pp*. Bass staff has a whole note chord (F#3, C#4, E4). Both staves have a series of eighth-note chords. Dynamics include *pp*, *dimin.*, and *1*.



Harmonium.

J

*pp*

K

*cresc.* *f.* *decresc. pp*

*pp*

*cresc.* *f.* *decresc. pp*

L

*ppp* *cresc.* *decresc.*

*ppp* *dimin.*







*espress.*

Ped \*

*ten.*  
*pp*

*p*

*mf*

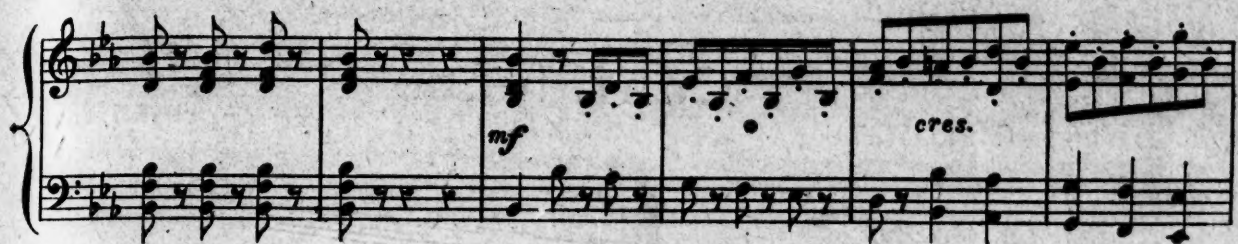
Ped \*

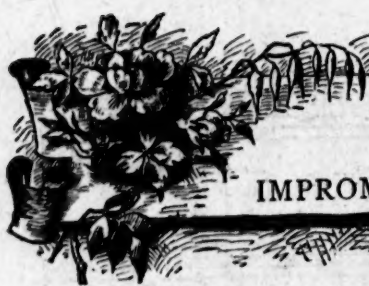
Ped \*

*p*

*p*







IMPROMPTU

# Confidence

(Op. 8.)

SCHULHOFF



Andantino quasi Allegretto.

PIANO.



First system of musical notation, piano (*p*). The music is in a key with three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 7/8 time signature. The bass line is marked *tenuto il basso.*

Second system of musical notation. The music continues with the same key signature and time signature. The bass line features a long, sustained note.

Third system of musical notation. The music continues with the same key signature and time signature. The bass line features a long, sustained note. The system ends with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The music continues with the same key signature and time signature. The system includes dynamic markings: *dim.* (diminuendo), *riten* (ritardando), and *p a tempo* (piano, at tempo).

Fifth system of musical notation. The music continues with the same key signature and time signature. The system includes repeat signs (*Da.*) and asterisks (*\**) indicating repeated sections.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with four flats and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff includes a 'Ped.' marking and an asterisk at the end of the system.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes 'Ped.' markings and asterisks in the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation, marked *p con sentimento* above the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a 'p' dynamic marking at the start and 'Ped.' markings with asterisks in the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the page. It includes 'pp' and 'smorz.' markings in the bass staff, along with 'Ped.' and an asterisk.





# Nora

WORDS AND MUSIC BY G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE



SONG.

PIANO.

No - ra, I'm watch - ing the  
pret - ty stars beam - ing O - ver old Ireland and you, And O my heart sings, it's of me that you're dream - ing  
Just as you once used to do. Yes, I can see you there dar - ling, as - thore! Be - side the green shamrock and  
peat, Dream - ing of love that's com - ing once more, For you're dream - ing of me, No - ra sweet.  
*rall. e dim.*  
No - ra! No - ra! o - ver the sea, Love! I hear you sing - ing to me, This is your sweet - song  
*a tempo*

*ritard.* winds whis - per low, "I love you, dar - ling, I love you so:" *a tempo* No - ra! No - ra! ten - der and true, *a tempo*

Love! I'm sing - ing this song to you, "No - ra, Ma - voir - neen! tho' seas di - vide, I love you more, dear,

than all be - side." No - ra, I'm watch - ing the

sil - ver moon sink - ing O - ver the hills by the sea, And I know it's of fond love I gave you, you're think - ing, And

true love that you gave to me, Ah, there's a mist in your laugh - ing blue eyes, And a tear where the brown lash - es



fall. For you're long-ing for days ere the sweet sum-mer dies, When our love shall be sweet-er than all.

No - ra! No - ra! o - ver the sea, Love! I hear you sing-ing to me,

*dolce e rit.*  
This is you sweet song sum-mer winds tell "I love you, dar - ling, I love you well!"

*rit.*

*a tempo*  
No - ra! No - ra! ten-der and true, I am sing-ing this song to you, "No-ra, Ma-vour-neen!"

*a tempo*

tho' seas a-part, I love you, love you, with all my heart.

WORDS BY  
STEPHEN WESTLIE

# The Tyro

A GOLF BALLAD

MUSIC BY  
ELLIS J. WYNNE

VOICE. *Rather, but not too, fast.*

PIANO. *mf*

1. With  
2. He

hotspurred haste he leaves the fads He murdered in a week, man: The cy-cle's scorch the cricket pads, Pho-  
grips his dri-ver in his fists, His "wag-gle" s'grand to see, man; He marks the ball, he turns and twists, He

to graphy, and foot-ball spads - And flies to golf and cad-die lads To play at hide-and-seek, man.  
heaves a-loft. "The ve-ry gists Just in the luck-y turn o' wrists" - Down

thuds the club with glee, man 3. He cuffs the ground and "muffs" his  
4. But eh' at last! he "tops" the

*p stacc.*

play And hoes a clod o' turf, man; A do-zen yards it flees a-  
ball And lands it in the burn, man; And vow-ing no thing shall him

*p stacc.*



way, His vi - sage shines like dawn - ing day - Till on the ground His cad - die  
gall. 'gan loud - ly for his nib - lick call - To scape the com - ing wa - ter.

lay And roared for ve - ry mirth, man. die takes a turn, man  
fall His cad -

*f* *dim. poco rit.* *dim. poco rit.*

5. He plods the round and makes his calls - A

*p a tempo*

do - zen at the hole, man: The shin - ing re - cord me ap - pals; The fly - ing clods, the "bunker" squalls, And

links o'er strewn with clubs and balls - Not one of which is whole, man!

*poco rit.* *poco rit.* *p*



# Eternal Spring

LEBENDIG

(Op. 105.)

GEORG GOLTERMANN

Violoncello. *Lebendig.*

Pianoforte. *mf*

*mf*

Ach, es sind die al - ten  
Hark, it is the dear, old

*mf*

Lie - der, sind die sü - ßen Me - lo - dein, und der  
strain, tis the sweet, quaint me - lo - dy, and the

*f* *poco rall.*

Früh - ling zie - het wie - der mir in's Herz und See - le  
spring has come a - gain, fil - ling heart and soul with

*poco rall.*



**A** *in tempo* *p*

ein. Und es sprosst und grünt und blü - het, mil - de  
 glie. And it 'buds and shoots and grows, soft - ly

*in tempo*

**B**

weht und weich die Luft, Erd' und Him - mel ro - sig  
 blows the bal - my air, and the sky all re - sy

glü - het in dem gold' - nen A - bend - duft, Erd' und  
 glows, eve of spring so gol - den fair, and the

Him - mel ro - sig glü - het in dem gold' - nen A - bend -  
 sky all re - sy glows, eve of spring - so gol - den

*rall*

*colla parte*

**C** in tempo

in tempo

duft.  
fair.

in tempo

*mf*

*p*

*rall.* **Langsamer.** *p espressivo*

Und ich denk' der al - ten  
I re - mem - ber days of

**Langsamer.** *rall.* *p*

Ze - ten in der neu - en Frühlings - lust, und die al - - - ten Se - lig -  
old, all a - midst the glad, new spring, love and hap - - - pi - ness an -



*mf poco string*

hei-ten fül-len wie- - - der mir die Brust. Al-tes Herz, was soll das  
 told, tender me- - - mo-ries they bring. New-ry heart, why wild-ly

*cresc. e poco string. mf*

Schla-gen, bist du im- - - mer wie-der jung?  
 beat? wilt thou no- - - ver come to rest?

*cresc.*

Lass dir doch in dei-nen Ta-gen gnü-gen an Er-in-ne-  
 Ec-con-tent-let me-mo-ry lead thee to days for e-ver

*cresc.*

rung.  
 blest.

First system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment in G major.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

Tempo I.

Third system of musical notation, including German and English lyrics. The tempo is marked "Tempo I." and the dynamics are "mf".

Nein, ach nein! lasst mich auch hof - fen! nur weil jung das Herz mir  
 No, oh no! oh let me hope, whilst my heart is e - ver

Fourth system of musical notation, including German and English lyrics. The tempo is marked "Tempo I." and the dynamics are "mf".

bleibt sieht es auch den Him - mel of - fen,  
 young, I may yet see Hea - vens scope,



*rallent.* *bā.*

sieht es auch den Him - mel of - fen, wo es neu - e Blü - - then  
 I may yet see hea - vens acce, — where young bloo - some gai - - ly

*rallent.*

*rallent.*

*colla voce* *in tempo*

*a piacere* *in tempo*

treibt, wo es neu - e Blü - then treibt.  
 throng, where young bloo - some gai - ly throng.

*in tempo*

*colla parte*

*dimin.*

*dimin.*



# Eternal Spring

VOLONCELLO.

(Op. 105.)

GEORG GOLTERMANN.

LEBENDIG

mf

in tempo

2da poco rall. p 2da

mf

rall. in tempo

p

Langsamer.

rall.

p espressivo

poco string.

Tempo I<sup>o</sup>

mf

f

rall.

in tempo

colla voce

dimin.

p

